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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Memoirs of the Extraordinary Military Career of John Shipp, late a Lieutenant in His Majesty's 87th Regiment.* Written by Himself. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

WE fear we cannot conscientiously, as critics, give very high praise to these pages. They contain the history of a man who by his bravery twice raised himself from the ranks, but was at last broken by a court martial for ungentlemanlike conduct relative to the purchase of a horse, and a kind of partnership with another officer at the races; which sentence, in consideration of his former character, was commuted to being placed on half pay. We must own we see nothing in this to call for an appeal to the public: a memorial to the proper authorities would have been better than a book, whose success is, to any the least, somewhat dubious: even by his own statement, his sole complaint seems to be, that he is on half, when he would prefer being on full pay: but we will leave this to our military readers. The great fault as a literary production is the want of sufficient incident; there is scarce *matériel* enough for one volume, and it has been spun into three; Irish anecdotes, somewhat threadbare in their jocularity, moonlight meditations, sentiment, patriotism, &c. &c., eke out the rest. The language is bombastic, and filled with figures of speech; the cups of happiness, misery, content, dissipation, which our author quaffs, are many in number:—but we will abstain from further remark, and only say that, though we do not pretend to enter into the merits of the case, no one can read the account given of his feelings,—with his military career ended, his young wife dead, two helpless children at his side,—and not experience the deepest commiseration. There are also several interesting passages, which bring the vicissitudes of a soldier's life very forcibly before us; of some of which the following are specimens:—

*Sagacity of Animals.*—“Having cut a good deal of the most prominent part of the hill away, and laid trees on the ascent, as a footing for elephants, these animals were made to approach it, which the first did with some reluctance and fear. He looked up, shook his head, and, when forced by his driver, he roared piteously. There can be no question, in my opinion, that this sagacious animal was competent instinctively to judge of the practicability of the artificial flight of steps thus constructed; for the moment some little alteration had been made, he seemed willing to approach. He then commenced his examination and scrutiny, by pressing with his trunk the trees that had been thrown across; and after this he put his fore-leg on, with great caution raising the fore part of his body so as to throw its weight on the tree. This done, he seemed satisfied as to its stability. The next step for him to ascend by was a projecting rock, which we could not remove. Here the same sagacious

examination took place, the elephant keeping his flat side close to the side of the bank, and leaning against it. The next step was against a tree; but this, on the first pressure of his trunk, he did not like. Here his driver made use of the most endearing epithets, such as, ‘Wonderful, my life,’ ‘Well done, my dear,’ ‘My dove,’ ‘My son,’ ‘My wife,’—but all these endearing appellations, of which elephants are so fond, would not induce him to try again. Force was at length resorted to, and the elephant roared terrifically, but would not move. Something was then removed; he seemed satisfied, as before; and he in time ascended that stupendous ghaunt. On his reaching the top his delight was visible in a most eminent degree; he caressed his keeper, and threw the dirt about in a most playful manner. Another elephant, a much younger animal, was next to follow. He had watched the ascent of the other with the most intense interest, making motions all the while, as though he was assisting him, by shaking his head up and down, and by throwing his trunk up the acclivity;—such gestures as I have seen some men make when spectators of gymnastic exercises. When he saw his comrade up, he seemed his pleasure by giving a salute, something like the sound of a trumpet. When called upon to take his turn, however, he seemed much alarmed, and would not act at all without force. When he was two steps up he slipped, but recovered himself by digging his toes in the earth. With the exception of this little ‘accident,’ he ascended exceedingly well. When this elephant was near the top, the other, who had already performed his task, extended his trunk to the assistance of his brother in distress, round which the younger animal entwined his, and thus reached the summit of the ghaunt in safety. Having both accomplished their task, their greeting was as cordial as if they had been long separated from each other, and had just escaped from some perilous achievement. They mutually embraced each other, and stood face to face for a considerable time, as if whispering congratulations. Their drivers then made them salam to the general, who ordered them five rupees each for sweetmeats.

“There was in our encampment a very large elephant, used for the purpose of carrying tents for some of the European corps. It was the season in which they become most unmanageable, and his legs were consequently loaded with huge chains, and he was constantly watched by his keepers. By day he was pretty passive, save when he saw one of his species, when he roared and became violent; and during those moments of ungovernable frenzy, it was dangerous for his keepers to approach him, or to irritate his feelings by any epithets that might prove repugnant to him. On the contrary, every endearing expression was used to soothe and appease him, which, with promises of sweetmeats, sometimes succeeded with the most turbulent to gain them to obedience, when coercive measures would have roused them to the most

desperate acts of violence. By night their extreme cunning told them that their keepers were not so watchful or vigilant. The elephant here alluded to, one dark night broke from his chains and ran wild through the encampment, driving men, women, children, camels, horses, cows, and indeed every thing that could move, before him, and roaring and trumpeting with his trunk,—which is with elephants a sure sign of displeasure, and that their usual docility has deserted them. Of course no reasonable beings disputed the road he chose to take. Those that did soon found themselves floored. To record the mischief done by this infuriated animal in his nocturnal ramble, would fill a greater space than I can afford for such matter. Suffice it that, in his flight, followed by swordsmen and spearmen shouting and screaming, he pulled down tents, upset every thing that impeded his progress, wounded and injured many, and ultimately killed his keeper by a blow from his trunk. He was pursued in some twenty places, which only infuriated him the more, and he struck away with his trunk at every thing before him. His roaring was terrific, and he frequently struck the ground in indication of his rage. At length he had struck his keeper and killed him, he did not rise, he suddenly stopped, seemed concerned, looked at him with the eyes of pity, and stood rivetted to the spot. He paused for some seconds, then ran towards the place from whence he had broken loose, and went quietly to his picket, in front of which lay an infant, about two years old, the daughter of the keeper whom he had killed. The elephant seized the child round the waist as gently as its mother would, lifted it from the ground, and caressed and fondled it for some time, every beholder trembling for its safety, and expecting every moment it would share the fate of its unfortunate father; but the sagacious animal, having turned the child round three times, quietly laid it down again, and drew some clothing over it that had fallen off. After this it stood over the child, with its eyes fixed on it; and if I did not see the penitential tear steal from its eye, I have never seen it in my life. He then submitted to be rechaind by some other keepers, stood motionless and dejected, and seemed sensible that he had done a wrong he could not repair. His dejection became more and more visible, as he stood and gazed on the fatherless babe, who, from constant familiarities with this elephant, seemed un intimidated, and played with its trunk. From this moment the animal became passive and quiet, and always seemed most delighted when the little orphan was within its sight. Often have I gone with others of the camp to see him fondling his little adopted; but there was a visible alteration in his health after his keeper's death, and he fell away, and died at Cawnpore, six months afterwards.”

*A Dog.*—“I learnt that this sagacious and faithful creature would regularly, when his master was on watch, stand his hour and walk

his round; that, in very dark nights, he would even put his ear to the ground and listen; and that, during the period assigned to him as his turn to watch, he would never venture to lie down, but would steadily and slowly walk his round, which nothing could induce him to leave,—such was his opinion of the nature and responsibility of his post. The man added, that he once gave him to an officer of the company's service, who took him from the station where he was (Meerut), to Loodianna, a distance of four hundred miles, and that, the moment the officer let him loose, he returned to his old master, having performed that great distance in two days and a half. That he was on the main-guard the night he returned, and he was awake by the dog licking his face. It appeared that he had been through the barrack, and visited every sleeping soldier on their separate cots, until he found his master. The man related several anecdotes of this animal: among the rest, he said he was one day out drinking toddy, some miles from camp, and from the intoxicating effect, and the extreme heat of the liquor, he went to sleep. On awaking, he found his clothes torn in several places, and that he had been dragged more than three yards from the bush under which he had lain down; but what was his astonishment, on getting up, to find a large snake almost torn to pieces, no doubt by his faithful guard! He was a powerful dog,—a kind of Persian-hill greyhound, that would kill a wolf single-handed."

*Single combat with the Subah.*—"Their commander, or one of their principal officers, attempted to rally them. Having succeeded in this attempt for the moment, the said officer had the impudence to attack and put his majesty's liege subject, John Shipp, ensign on full pay, and in the full vigour of his life and manhood, in bodily fear, on the king's high hill of Muckwanpore, on the afternoon of— I now forget the date, he so frightened me. He was a strong, powerful man, protected by two shields, one tied round his waist, and hanging over his thighs as low as his knees, and the other on the left arm, much larger than the one round his waist. From this gentleman there was no escape; and, fortunately for me, I had my old twenty-fourth with me, which I had two or three days before put in good shaving order. With this I was obliged to act on the defensive, till I could catch my formidable opponent off his guard. He cut, I guarded; he thrust, I parried; until he became aggravated, and set to work with that impetuosity and determination, pretty generally understood by the phrase 'hammer and tongs,' in the course of which he nearly cut my poor twenty-fourth in pieces. At last I found he was winded; but I could see nothing of the fellow, but his black face peeping above one shield, and his feet under the other; so I thought I would give him a cut five across his lower extremities; but he would not stand still a moment; he cut as many capers as a French dancing-master, till I was quite out of patience with his folly. I did not like to quit my man, so I tried his other extremities, but he would not stand still, all I could do. At length, I made a feint at his toes, to cut them; down went his shield from his face to save his legs; up went the edge of my sword smack under his chin;—in endeavouring to get away from which, he threw his head back, which nearly tumbled off, and down he fell; and I assure you, reader, I was not sorry for it, for he was a most unsociable neighbour. I don't know

whether I had a right or not, but I took the liberty of taking his sword, gold crescent, turban-chain, and large shield. The latter I sported on my left arm during the action, and it was fortunate for me that I did, for I found that the shield was ball-proof, and I should have been severely wounded, had I been deprived of this trophy."

*Avidity of the Natives.*—"A reward was given for all descriptions of balls brought into camp, varying in amount according to size. Such is the avarice of the natives who hover about camps, that they will risk any thing for money. Near the right of the line, balls used frequently to be thrown, and some of them rolled as far as the picket. I was riding in that direction one morning when balls were flying pretty thick. A native saw one lob, and ran to stop it. In this attempt one of his legs was so badly broken, that I believe it was afterwards amputated. If he had carried the ball to camp, he would have got about fourpence for it!"

The following dreadful fact is but one out of many.

"A female was lying on a bed of green silk; under her head was a pillow of the same material; her right arm had, no doubt, cradled her babe; and her left was extended as though for the purpose of keeping her child close to her. A large shell had perforated the tiled roof, and having made its way through three floors, had gone through the foot of the bed, and penetrated some depth into the fourth floor. A piece of this shell had gone through the woman's forehead, carrying away a great part of the head, so that her death, according to the opinion of a medical man who saw her, must have been instantaneous. The lower part of the child's body, from the hips downward, was entirely gone; but, strange to say, its mother's nipple still hung in the left corner of its mouth, and its little right hand still held by its mother's clothes, which, probably, it had grasped at the first noise of the shell."

After all, we need hardly repeat that this is one of those books which rather excite our sympathy than command our praise: but we do pity Mr. Shipp, and cordially wish him again beside the colours he once bore with so much gallantry.

*Ariosto's Orlando Furioso.* Translated by W. S. Rose. Vol. VI. pp. 259. London, 1829. Murray.

We think that Ariosto must be to Mr. Stewart Rose what ale was to Boniface,—what he eats, drinks, and sleeps upon; or he never could so completely have imbibed the spirit of his author. We have only now to repeat commendations: there is the same animated versification—the same careful research into all that can illustrate an obscure meaning, or throw the light of history on the inventions of fiction; and this volume is also fortunate in abounding with entertaining episodes. We shall quote a few stanzas from Astolpho's journey to the moon:

"A place wherein is wonderfully stored  
Whatever on our earth below we lose.  
Collected there are all things whatsoever,  
Lost through time, chance, or our own folly, here.

Nor here alone of realm and wealthy dower,  
O'er which aye turns the restless wheel, I say;  
I speak of what it is not in the power  
Of Fortune to bestow or take away.  
Much fame is here, whereon Time and the Hour,  
Like wasting moth, in this our planet prey.  
Here countless vows, here prayers unnumbered lie,  
Made by us sinful men to God on high:

The lover's tears and sighs; what time in pleasure  
And play we here unprofitably spend;

To this:—of ignorant men the eternal leisure,  
And vain designs, aye frustrate of their end.  
Empty desires so far exceed all measure,  
They o'er that valley's better part extend.  
There wilt thou find, if thou wilt thither post,  
Whatever thou on earth beneath hast lost.

He, passing by those heaps, on either hand,  
Of this and now of that the meaning sought;  
Formed of swollen bladders here a hill did stand,  
Whence he heard cries and tumults, as he thought.  
These were old crowns of the Assyrian land  
And Lydian—as that paladin was taught—  
Greclan and Persian, all of ancient fame;  
And now, alas! well-nigh without a name.

Golden and silver hooks to sight succeed,  
Heaped in a mass, the gifts which courtiers bear,  
—Hoping thereby to purchase future need—  
To greedy prince and patron; many a snare,  
Concealed in garlands, did the warrior heed,  
Who heard, these signs of adulation were;  
And in cicalas, which their lungs had burst,  
Saw fulsome lays by venal poets versed.

Loves of unhappy end in imagery  
Of gold or jewelled hands he saw express;  
Then eagles' talons, the authority  
With which great lords their delegates invest:  
Belongs filled every nook, the fume and fee  
Wherein the favourites of kings are blest:  
Given to those Ganymedes that have their hour,  
And left, when faded is their vernal flower.

Overturned, here ruined town and castle lies,  
With all their wealth: 'The symbols (said his guide)  
Of treaties and of those conspiracies,  
Which their conductors seemed so ill to hide.'  
Serpents with female faces, felonies  
Of colmers and of robbers, he descried;  
Next broken bottles saw of many sorts,  
The types of servitude in sorry courts.

He marks a mighty pool of porridge spilled,  
And asks what in that symbol should be read,  
And hears 'twas charity, by sick men killed  
For distribution, after they were dead.  
He passed a heap of flowers, that erst distilled  
Sweet savours, and now noisome odours shed;  
The gift (if it may lawfully be said)  
Which Constantine to good Sylvester made.

A large provision, next, of twigs and lime  
—Your witcheries, O women!—he explored.  
The things he witnessed, to recount in rhyme  
Too tedious were: were myriads on record,  
To sum the remnant ill should I have time.  
'Tis here that all infirmities are stored,  
Save only Madness, seen not here at all,  
Which dwells below, nor leaves this earthly ball.

He turns him back upon some days and deeds  
To look again, which he had lost of yore;  
But, save the interpreter the lesson reads,  
Would know them not, such different form they wore.

He next saw that which man so little needs,  
—As it appears—none pray to Heaven for more;  
I speak of sense: whereof a lofty mount  
Alone surpast all else which I recount."

The adventures of Bradamant, "the fair and martial maid," occupy a principal share of the other cantos; and there is enow of poetry and romance to make the reader forget, if any thing can, this weary and working-day world.

One word at parting:—when an author makes a quotation, and refers particularly to his authority, it would certainly be well that he took the trouble to turn to it himself in the first instance. We make this remark, from meeting with a sentence in Mr. Rose's Notes on Canto 32, in justification of his using to *shun* as a neuter verb: he says it occurs in "the translation of the New Testament," and cites, in proof, Acts, xx. 27, as follows: "I have not shunned to proclaim the glory of God." In what version Mr. Rose found this reading, we are at a loss to divine; certainly not in "the authorised." And, further, not only is the verb to be seen marked *neuter* in Johnson, which he says it is not, but the authority for it is this identical verse in the Acts. Mr. R. should look a little into his Bible.

*The Last of the Plantagenets: an Historical Romance.* 8vo. pp. 464. London, 1829. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THIS is one of the productions peculiar to our present literature—a kind of matrimonial con-

\* We are at a loss for the meaning of this "To this."—  
Ed. L. G.



tract between History and Fiction, where the tastes of those readers (the great proportion, by the by, of readers at all) whose aim is amusement, is endeavoured to be gratified by throwing curious information into a shape more popular than the dry essay of the antiquary. Much may be said in favour of this system: historical knowledge, come in what shape it will, is desirable; history, like experience, owes its value to truth; and the more we know of the past, the better are we qualified to judge of the present; the contrast of our manners with those of our ancestors must occasion many a favourable comparison; and if but one prejudice be destroyed, but one juster perception gained, the time of the writer has not been bestowed in vain; no one can deny that works of this class have diffused much information, and have excited a desire for more. *The Last of the Plantagenets* is written by one evidently master of his subject, who must have turned over many a ponderous volume for the sake of the lighter, but much more readable, one before us. Neither do we like these pages the worse for their being modelled on the quaint but expressive, the staid but stately, style of the olden chronicles; it seems to us the very language in which royal and knightly deeds should be recorded; and the tone of religious melancholy throughout suits well with an age where the quiet of the cloister must have had inducements to the war-worn and weary man, with which in our tranquil times we can have little sympathy. The following extract will illustrate very fairly the general style of this volume: it is the eve of the battle of Bosworth.

"It appeared to me upon that most memorable night, and on the morrow, when I might still more duly note that which I shall now depict, as a spacious tract of open, uneven, and uncultivated country, somewhat of a round or oval shape; being perchance of about two miles long and one broad. From the red colour of the earth thereof,—too soon, alas! to be dyed with a deeper stain of sanguine by the blood of a sovereign,—the field was called Redmoor Plain; and on the south-western side it was bounded by a rivulet called Tweed, which glided through a valley between the camps of the opposing armies, and supplied them both with water; thus recalling unto my mind our Lord's words, that 'God doth send his rain alike upon the just and on the unjust.' Unto this streamlet flowed the narrow marshy channel of a fair spring, which rose upon a mound named Aymon Hill on the east, and formed a little square and obscure font, surrounded by dank mosses and mould; but yet I truly protest unto them that shall hereafter read my story, that to me that small well is venerable as the fountain of Jacob was to the men of Israel; since it was there that King Richard drank his last earthly draught, and gave unto its friendly waters some sparkles of his own immortality. The rustic who now points out in that desolate field the spot of the last battle between the contending houses of York and Lancaster, still calls it 'King Richard's Well;' and many of the country lads yet love to drink thereof, whilst they turn them away from the Tweed, which they declare hath unto this day a stain of the blood of the fallen running in its streams. When we arrived at this place, the last dim rays of the setting moon were cast upon the camps and mounds of the two armies; those of Harry Tudor being erected close to the Tweed, which he had lately crossed, and somewhat north-west of King Richard's well, at the foot

of Aymon Hill. His tents of striped green and white; his broad banner, pitched beside his own pavilion, bearing a red fiery dragon, fairly wrought upon green and white sarcenet, to commemorate his vain boast of descent from Cadwallader, the last of the British kings; and his soldiers, clad in white coats and hoods, were all faintly visible through the pale moonlight, until they were at last obscured by the mist which came on so thickly on the morning of the day of battle. As I have since learned, his bulwark encompassed some seven acres of the field; and his whole power, together with that led over to him by the treacherous Stanleys, who as yet seemed to adhere unto the king, hath been truly computed at full 15,000 men; albeit the unfaithful chroniclers of the victor would fain have it believed that his triumph was wrought almost without an army. The camp and fortifications of King Richard, to which I was conducted, were fixed at Stapleton, some eleven miles from Leicester, and nearly two from the enemy, on certain rising grounds, called the Bradshaws; whence we might well behold the plain of Bosworth, and to which no adversary could approach unseen. The royal defences and camp spread over eighteen acres; and were formed of two lines, having a wondrous mound of earth, 300 yards long, cast up behind them. Whilst I gazed on these things, and marvelled greatly as to why I was brought thither with such haste and contrivance, we entered the camp, and passed through the long lines of tents striped with the York liveries of crimson and blue, until we came to the royal pavilion, which stood in the centre, having upreared beside it the king's standard of azure and red sarcenet in quarters; bearing the fleurs-de-lis of France and the lions of England, richly wrought thereon in goldsmiths' work of beaten metal. The tent itself was of a large square form, with a sloping roof, all being made of crimson and blue canvass, and surmounted by divers little gilded pensils and the king's badges: such as the golden cross and crown, for the blessed St. Edward the Confessor; the red and ermine chapeau, with the golden lion of England; the lily of France; the golden greyhound of Wales; the Irish harp; and the oak-branch for the dukedoms of Gascoyne and Guyon. On the top, in the midst, were a stately imperial crown, and the king's peculiar badge of a silver boar, with tusks and bristles of gold. The liveries of the soldiers in this camp were also chiefly white, having the holy cross in red upon their breasts; though others were dressed in the colours belonging to their leaders, or in habits of coarse cloth strengthened with iron plates, or arming-doublets of iron and leather, with sleeves of chain-mail, and stout helmets and leathern hose also strengthened with iron. Their weapons were divers kinds of swords and bows, spears and lances, bills and sharp blades set upon staves; with iron and leaden maces, quarter-staves, and heavy flails, not less destructive, and of still greater power. But all this, I say, I beheld more perfectly upon the morrow. As we approached the king's pavilion, the sentinels, upon receiving the word from my conductor, lowered their gisarnes and stood aside, that we might straightway pass into it; the knight having been commanded of his highness to attend him at that hour. On entering the tent, we found the king already risen from his couch, and seated by a table on which were scattered divers papers and parchments, a brazen penner and ink-horn, and letters of which the silk strings were uncut, and the

seals were yet unbroken. A massive silver crucifix stood in the midst, and before it was a fair illuminated missal open at the office of St. George, which the king had, unquestionably, been reciting for success in the coming conflict. The volume was richly bound in blue velvet, having the edges thereof guarded with bosses and clasps of gold graven with curious devices. A large silver cresset, hung from the roof of the tent, gave light to the remainder of the apartment, and glanced upon a pile of bright steel armour, which lay beside a couch and a thickly quilted surcoat of blue and red velvet, richly purfled with the arms of the sovereign in most rare embroidery; but the sword belonging to this stately harness lay naked upon the table."

Among other curious customs mentioned here, is that fashion of padding adopted by Henry's courtiers, who wore vests and trunk hose stuffed to the utmost, to imitate their monarch's corpulency.

We must also mention with much praise the very neat printing of these pages, which issue from the press of the unfortunate Maurice, principal proprietor of the Brunswick Theatre, and killed in its fall; or rather from that of his widow, by whom his business is still continued.

*Rank and Talent.* By the Author of "True-kleborough Hall." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. Colburn.

"His remarks, though shrewd, were bitterly sarcastic, and partook of all the ill-nature for which a very scanty *connaissance du monde* gives a sour and malevolent mind so ready an excuse;" so says the admirable author of *the Disowned*; and completely in this spirit are the volumes before us written! the production of an acute observer, but one who, perhaps for the sake of that very acuteness, has employed his sight on the darkest side. Alas! for the poor present; we treat it as we do government or our wives—things it is our legitimate privilege to abuse, without perhaps bearing it or them ill-will,—only we fancy we have a right to treat them with a little of our humour. At all events, these pages cannot be accused of the fault often urged against compositions of the same class—making their *dramatis personæ* too perfect. The characters introduced are as unfavourable specimens of human nature as could well be selected: the hero is only a respectable, good sort of young man, of whom we have no very definite idea; and the heroine rather pretty, rather silly, and with a mother whose strong mind is evinced by marrying a fool! As to the narrative, the author might say, like the knife-grinder, "Story! Lord bless you! I have none to tell, sir!"—a motto which, by the by, we recommend to many modern novelists for their title-pages. It is only in the present day that the writer now before us would have written a novel: it is not, we think, the species of composition calculated for his talents. Evidently a clever man, shrewd, sarcastic in his remarks, severe but often just, and always amusing in his sketches of character,—in a former age he might have written a few papers for the *Spectator*, carried on an extensive correspondence, some of his letters would have been published, and he would have left a reputation for sense and humour, as one who might have done a great deal more if he had chosen.

But though no first-rate novel, still there is enough in these volumes to distinguish them from the common run; few extracts will best set forth their peculiar style and merits. The

following are portraits, and the vein which runs throughout will illustrate our meaning.

"The Rev. Cornelius Denver, perpetual curate of Brigland, was one of the best-tempered creatures in the world. He would not injure any one; he had almost every one's good word; he was full of smiles and courtesy; he had nothing of the pomp or pride of priestly manners; he did not keep his parishioners at an awful distance, or affect to exercise any spiritual dominion over them by virtue of his calling; he was familiar with all, and good-humoured to all; he had not the slightest tincture of bigotry or party-spirit; in politics and religion he was most truly liberal; he had, of course, his own opinions on these subjects, but he called them into use so seldom, that he and his neighbours scarcely knew what they were; he was equally obliging to all parties, and there were many differing sects of religion in his parish; every possible variety of sectarianism flourished at Brigland, and they all united in praising the curate's liberality. There were also many members of the established church in the parish; but though they all praised their curate, they did not all very frequently attend his ministrations. Old Mr. Martindale used facetiously to say, that he should go to church much oftener if Mr. Denver would make longer sermons, but that it was so tantalising to be woken before his nap was half finished."

"Mrs. Denver was said to be a very intelligent woman, and had enjoyed that reputation for many years. Her maiden name was Smith—no relation to old Richard Smith; and she had borne that name so long, that she was tired of it, regarding it as Archbishop Tillotson did the Athanasian Creed, wishing that she 'was well rid of it.' Many people thought that Mr. Denver married her from a motive of pure good nature, because nobody else was likely to marry her. She was of high family 'originally,' as she used to say; being descended from the Simons of Devonshire, one of whom was knighted by Richard the Third; and she was very particular in stating that her ancestors did not spell the name with *p*, for that was an innovation, and it was a very inferior family that was called Simpson. All the gossip of the town and neighbourhood flowed to the parsonage as a centre, and again flowed from it as from a perennial and exhaustless fountain. In justice to the worthy curate it must be stated, that so far as he was concerned there was nothing of censoriousness blended with his collecting and communicating disposition: he was happy to hear intelligence, and pleased to spread it; but he never pronounced an opinion as to the propriety or impropriety of the matters of which he heard and of which he spoke. It was not exactly so with Mrs. Denver; her candour was not equal to that of her husband: not that she was at all censorious—very far from it; but she could not help, as she said, feeling indignant at the vices and wickednesses which abounded in the world; and she was certainly not to be blamed for what she could not help. Sometimes she would even be angry with her husband on account of the placidity of his temper; and she would even acknowledge that she could have no patience with the abominations of the age. It must be also added, that Mrs. Denver was not quite equal to her husband in the virtue of liberality towards sectaries. She had been brought up as a member of the church established by law, and she could not see how it was possible that any other religion should be true; and for her part, she was fully deter-

mined not to countenance any false religion. It was rather unfortunate for the poor woman, that, with the exception of the Martindales, the principal people at Brigland were dissenters; and so there were two or three drawing-rooms from which her orthodoxy would have excluded her, but to which her love of the good things of life attracted her. Mrs. Denver was decidedly loyal: her reverence for majesty was unbounded. She was so grateful to Richard the Third for having knighted one of the Simons, that she thought she could never say enough in favour of royalty."

"Mr. Tippetson, the Henry Augustus, was destined for the church. For the purpose of preparing the young gentleman, he was sent to Cambridge; but unfortunately he came away from thence without taking a degree. Every body knows what immense labour and incessant toil are required to take the degree of Bachelor of Arts. It has been said by very good judges, that a man of the greatest powers of mind, supposing him previously ignorant of the subjects of examination, would not be able to prepare himself for a bachelor's degree in less than a week, and that ordinary geniuses require a fortnight or three weeks. To study three weeks in three years was too much for Mr. Tippetson's nerves, so he left Cambridge without his degree; and as his uncle died in good circumstances, and left Henry Augustus a handsome legacy, and as the young gentleman's father also was deceased, having left a good fortune to this his only son, the young gentleman thought that his wisest step would be to become a gentleman at once, and relinquish all idea of professional pursuits. As to taking orders, he could not bear the thoughts of those impertinent questions which examining chaplains propose to candidates for holy orders, and he never would give up fancy waistcoats. Thus situated, the young gentleman lounged about and dawdled away his time with considerable ingenuity. There are two unfortunate sets of beings among mankind: those who cannot do any thing, and those who cannot do nothing. The former class counted among its numbers Mr. Henry Augustus Tippetson. He had not the slightest capacity for application to any object of pursuit; but he was by no means unable to do nothing. There are, as our readers may know, certain persons who have acquired such a habit of constant action and incessant employment, that they cannot exist without activity: they cannot be idle: they are absolutely proud of it, and fancy that it redounds much to their honour; but it is in fact a misfortune where the assertion is true, and a villainous affectation where it is false. It requires mind to be able to manage either business or leisure: it is the absence of mind that renders man a slave to habit."

*The Misses Woodstock.*—"The worst of the matter was, there were four of them; and they were so nearly alike in moral and mental qualities, and so much together, and in such perfect confidence with each other, that there was not opportunity and distinctness enough for any one of the four to make an impression, and preserve or strengthen it. For if, by chance, any susceptible youth, who might be desirous of choosing a wife for her moral and mental qualities, should be seated next to, or opposite to, Miss Woodstock, and should, by hearing very sensible and unaffected language fall from her lips, or by observing in her smiles, or more serious looks, an indication of excellent moral feeling, find that his heart was almost captivated; probably on the fol-

lowing morning chance might place him near another sister with whose taste he might be fascinated, and whose most agreeable manners would make him almost regret that he had already lost so much of his heart; and while he might be balancing in his mind on which of the two his affection should rest, a farther acquaintance with the family would still farther unsettle and embarrass his judgment; and he would at length conclude that, as it was impossible to be in love with four, he could not really be in love with any; and the result would be general commendation and respect; and the four young ladies would be left to enjoy their reputation of being the most agreeable, unaffected young women living."

*An Archery-meeting.*—"The usual order was quite reversed at Hovenden Lodge; for while Lady Featherstone and her two daughters, Lucy and Isabella, were drawing plans, or marching about the park, and pointing out to the architect the improvements which they thought desirable, Sir Andrew was standing by the kitchen fire and lecturing the cook, or translating, aloud, recipes from his favourite French cookery-book, which was the only book that he had ever purchased; and very highly did he value it, fancying that few persons in this kingdom were aware of its existence. He often, however, had, or we should more properly say, might have had, the mortification of finding that he had been translating from French into English that which had been previously translated from English into French; for whenever his knowing lady reminded him that any recipe was already in the English cookery-books, he would always contend for, or discover, some delicate variation which gave the French the advantage. He thought, too, that there was a peculiar piquancy in the French terms, and that there was a particular relish in foreign names, which he always took care to utter, but which his obstinately English organs of speech rendered mightily amusing in their utterance. The greatest evil of the archery-meeting in Sir Andrew's opinion was, that it must be attended only with a cold collation, and that must be in a marquee. It had been discussed repeatedly, but as frequently decided against him, that it was absolutely impossible to have a hot dinner. He did not like it, but he bore it very good-temperedly; and was brimful of jokes, ready to let fly with every arrow. Lady Featherstone, who was never so happy as when she was patronising, was delighted with the thought of the long table under the marquee, and her own self smiling, nodding, and bowing most gracefully to every body: she could undergo a cold dinner every day of her life, for the happiness of thinking that every body said, 'What a charming woman is Lady Featherstone!' The young ladies were in proud and confident expectation of winning the prize; but in still more proud and more confident expectation of exhibiting their elegant selves to an admiring multitude. This, indeed, is the great beauty of archery; it is an elegant exercise; or, in other words, it gives an opportunity to young ladies to exhibit themselves in elegant or attractive attitudes; and many a young woman who would have scarcely any chance of a display, hereby acquires a right to be stared at most perseveringly and inveterately. She may be as long as she pleases taking her aim; and if she fears that she shall not hit the target, she may take an aim elsewhere. And it is a very pretty thing, too, for young gentlemen in the last year of being at school, or in the first of their undergraduateship.



Dressed in the archery uniform, they look so very much like Robin Hood: they go back to old times in almost more than imagination; but more especially, they have an opportunity of playing off the *polites*. At all events, it is a very innocent amusement; and, if properly managed by the lady-patroness, it may rise into something of a matter of importance. If any of the party be in possession of the powers of eloquence, they may draw up a very pretty report of the meeting; and the editors of country papers will feel much honoured by inserting the said report; and there will be a very pretty sprinkling of very pretty compliments to the very pretty young ladies, who may be compared to Diana's nymphs; and there may be quotations from the old songs about Robin Hood and Maid Marian; and very pretty talk about the greenwood shade and the merry horn. Then the editor of the newspaper sells an extra number of papers, which are sent in different directions to distant friends. The display of beauty and fashion which was exhibited in Hovenden Park on the above-named occasion, bids defiance by its brilliancy to our powers of description. Sir Andrew himself, though his occupation was gone for that day at least, endured with a very good grace his absence from the kitchen, and was prepared to hear and say all that was polite, together with a little that was satirical. Before the business of the day began, he said, in the hearing of the exhibitors,—"Where shall I stand to be most out of the way? I think I had better take my station in front of the target."

A few chance observations, and we finish our quotations.

"It is by no means the best method to keep a secret to endeavour to find out how many others are in possession of the same. Many a secret has been thus revealed, which might otherwise have been inviolably and safely kept. On the subject of keeping secrets a great deal may be said; and the matter is surrounded with more difficulties than superficial observers are apt to imagine. For what is the use or benefit of knowing any thing, if we cannot let that knowledge be known? If a secret be confided to us, an honour is thereby conferred; but if that secret be not by us again talked about, directly or indirectly, how can the world know how much we are honoured? Who would give a fig to receive the honour of knighthood, if he were under an obligation to let no one know it? or who would give fifteen pence (pounds, some say it costs) for a doctor's degree, if he could never blazon the honour to the world?"

"When a man calls himself a fool in the hearing of another, that other is in duty bound to contradict him; for it is not in the nature of things that any man really thinking himself a fool should avow that conviction. To speak paradoxically, if a man sincerely avows himself a fool, he thinks himself a wise man in having found out that he is a fool, and requires a compliment as a matter of course. It is the expected duty of every one, therefore, hearing another call himself a fool, to contradict him. To do that well is difficult, and requires great address. It must not be contradicted point-blank and flatly, but it must be circuitously done. Every man who calls himself a fool is offended if he fancies that he is believed, is offended if he be not contradicted, and is also offended if he be contradicted, so as to give proof that he is suspected of expecting contradiction."

"They had their own peculiar views of ob-

jects; and in these they differed from their contemporaries, and therefore they were called old-fashioned. They would have been quite as old-fashioned a thousand years ago; for the past is the repository in which imagination finds its stock of virtues."

"If it were not for an occasional example of individuals rising above the ordinary level, the influence of the multitude beneath it would gradually but surely sink the standard, and lead to serious deterioration."

The great fault of these volumes is their total want of imagination: we are often amused, but never interested; we have no sympathy but that of entertainment with any of the actors. The title of the book is singularly inappropriate and meaningless: *Rank and Talent* is a good high-sounding phrase; but we protest against a young profligate nobleman being a fitting representative of the one, or a young man of worldly success and industry of the other. The rather fashionable slang use of the English language, in contradistinction to grammatical or classical refinement, must be obvious from our extracts.

#### The Annual Obituary.

PURSUANT to the intimation in our last, we annex, as a further illustration of this volume, the admirably written biography of the late Dugald Stewart. It will afford a more correct idea of the value of the work than the meagre extracts with which want of room compelled us to be satisfied in our first notice, and which, to say the truth, were not well calculated to convey a just impression of its ability and excellence.

"Dugald Stewart was the only son who survived the age of infancy, of Dr. Matthew Stewart, professor of mathematics in the University of Edinburgh, and of Marjory Stewart, daughter of Archibald Stewart, Esq. one of the writers to the Signet of Scotland. The object of this brief notice was born in the College of Edinburgh, on the 22d of November, 1753, and his health, during the first period of his life, was so feeble and precarious, that it was with more than the ordinary anxiety and solicitude of parents that his infancy was reared. His early years were spent partly in the house at that time attached to the mathematical chair of the University, and partly at Catrine, his father's property in Ayrshire, to which the family regularly removed every summer, when the academical session was concluded. At the age of seven he was sent to the High School, where he distinguished himself by the quickness and accuracy of his apprehension; and where the singular felicity and spirit with which he caught and transfused into his own language the ideas of the classical writers, attracted the particular remarks of his instructors. Having completed the customary course of education at this seminary, he was entered as a student at the College of Edinburgh. Under the immediate instruction of such a mathematician and teacher as his father, it may readily be supposed that he made an early proficiency in the exact sciences; but the distinguishing bent of his philosophical genius recommended him in a still more particular manner to the notice of Dr. Stevenson, then professor of logic, and of Dr. Adam Ferguson, who filled the moral philosophy chair. In October 1771 he was deprived of his mother, and he, almost immediately after her death, removed to Glasgow, where Dr. Reid was then teaching those principles of metaphysics which it was the great object of his pupil's life to inculcate and to expand. After attending one course of lectures

at this seat of learning, the prosecution of his favourite studies was interrupted by the declining state of his father's health, which compelled him, in the autumn of the following year, before he had reached the age of nineteen, to undertake the task of teaching the mathematical classes. With what success he was able to fulfil this duty, was sufficiently evinced by the event; for, with all P. Stewart's well-merited celebrity, the number of students considerably increased under his son. As soon as he had completed his twenty-first year, he was appointed assistant and successor to his father, and in this capacity he continued to conduct the mathematical studies in the University, till his father's death, in the year 1785, when he was nominated to the vacant chair. Although this continued, however, to be his ostensible situation in the University, his avocations were more varied. In the year 1778, during which Dr. Adam Ferguson accompanied the commissioners to America, he undertook to supply his place in the moral philosophy class; a labour that was the more overwhelming, as he had for the first time given notice, a short time before his assistance was requested, of his intention to add a course of lectures on astronomy to the two classes which he taught as professor of mathematics. Such was the extraordinary fertility of his mind, and the facility with which it adapted its powers to such inquiries, that although the proposal was made to him and accepted on Thursday, he commenced the course of metaphysics the following Monday, and continued during the whole of the season to think out and arrange in his head in the morning (while walking backwards and forwards in a small garden attached to his father's house in the college,) the matter of the lecture of the day. The ideas with which he had thus stored his mind, he poured forth extempore in the course of the forenoon, with an eloquence and a felicity of illustration surpassing in energy and vivacity (as those who have heard him have remarked) the more logical and better-digested expositions of his philosophical views, which he used to deliver in his maturer years. The difficulty of speaking for an hour extempore, every day on a new subject, for five or six months, is not small: but when superadded to the mental exertion of teaching also, daily, two classes of mathematics, and of delivering, for the first time, a course of lectures on astronomy, it may justly be considered as a very singular instance of intellectual vigour. To this season he always referred as the most laborious of his life; and such was the exhaustion of the body, from the intense and continued stretch of the mind, that, on his departure for London, at the close of the academical session, it was necessary to lift him into the carriage. In the year 1780 he began to receive some young noblemen and gentlemen into his house as pupils, under his immediate superintendence, among whom were to be numbered the late Lord Belhaven, the late Marquess of Lothian, Basil Lord Daer, the late Lord Powerscourt, Mr. Muir Mackenzie of Delvin, and the late Mr. Henry Glassford. In the summer of 1783, he visited the continent for the first time, having accompanied the late Marquess of Lothian to Paris; on his return from whence, in the autumn of the same year, he married Helen Bannatine, a daughter of Neil Bannatine, Esq., a merchant in Glasgow. In the year 1785, during which Dr. Matthew Stewart's death occurred, the health of Dr. Ferguson rendered it expedient for him to discontinue his official labours in the Univer-

sity, and he accordingly effected an exchange of offices with Mr. Stewart, who was transferred to the class of moral philosophy, while Dr. Ferguson retired on the salary of mathematical professor. In the year 1787, Mr. Stewart was deprived of his wife by death; and, the following summer, he again visited the continent, in company with the late Mr. Ramsay of Barnton. These slight indications of the progress of the ordinary occurrences of human life, must suffice to convey to the reader an idea of the connexion of events up to the period when Mr. Stewart entered on that sphere of action in which he laid the foundation of the great reputation which he acquired as a moralist and a metaphysician. His writings are before the world, and from them posterity may be safely left to form an estimate of the excellence of his style of composition—of the extent and variety of his learning and scientific attainments—of the singular cultivation and refinement of his mind—of the purity and elegance of his taste—of his warm relish for moral and for natural beauty—of his enlightened benevolence to all mankind, and of the generous ardour with which he devoted himself to the improvement of the human species—of all of which, while the English language endures, his works will continue to preserve the indelible evidence. But of one part of his fame no memorial will remain but in the recollection of those who have witnessed his exertions. As a public speaker, he was justly entitled to rank among the very first of his day; and, had an adequate sphere been afforded for the display of his oratorical powers, his merit in this line alone would have sufficed to secure him an eternal reputation. Among those who have attracted the highest admiration in the senate and at the bar, there are still many living who will bear testimony to his extraordinary eloquence. The ease, the grace, and the dignity of his action; the compass and harmony of his voice, its flexibility and variety of intonation, the truth with which its modulation responded to the impulse of his feelings, and the sympathetic emotions of his audience; the clear and perspicuous arrangement of his matter; the swelling and uninterrupted flow of his periods; and the rich stores of ornament which he used to borrow from the literature of Greece and of Rome, of France and of England, and to interweave with his spoken thoughts, with the most apposite application,—were perfections not any of them possessed in a superior degree by any of the most celebrated orators of the age; nor do I believe that in any of the great speakers of the time (and I have heard them all), they were to an equal extent united. His own opinions were maintained without any overweening partiality; his eloquence came so warm from the heart, was rendered so impressive by the evidence which it bore of the love of truth, and was so free from all controversial acrimony, that what has been remarked of the purity of purpose which inspired the speeches of Brutus, might justly be applied to all that he spoke and wrote; for he seemed only to wish, without further reference to others than a candid discrimination of their errors rendered necessary, simply and ingenuously to disclose to the world the conclusions to which his reason had led him: 'Non malignitate aut invidia, sed simplicitate et ingenio, iudicium animi sui detexisse.' In 1790, after being three years a widower, he married Helen d'Arcy Cranstoun, a daughter of the Honourable George Cranstoun,—a union to which he owed much of the subsequent happiness of his life. About this time it would appear to have been that he first began to

arrange some of his metaphysical papers with a view to publication. At what period he deliberately set himself to think systematically on these subjects is uncertain. That his mind had been habituated to such reflections from a very early period is sufficiently known. He frequently alluded to the speculations that occupied his boyish and even his infant thoughts; and the success of his logical and metaphysical studies at Edinburgh, and the Essay on Dreaming, which forms the fifth section of the first part of the fifth chapter of the first volume of the Philosophy of the Human Mind, composed while a student at the College of Glasgow in 1772, at the age of eighteen, are proofs of the strong natural bias which he possessed for such pursuits. It is probable, however, that he did not follow out the inquiry as a train of thought, or commit many of his ideas to writing, before his appointment in 1786 to the professorship of moral philosophy gave a necessary and steady direction to his investigation of metaphysical truth. In the year 1792 he first appeared before the public as an author, at which time the first volume of the Philosophy of the Human Mind was given to the world. While engaged in this work he had contracted the obligation of writing the Life of Adam Smith, the author of the Wealth of Nations; and very soon after he had disengaged himself of his own labours, he fulfilled the task which he had undertaken—the biographical memoir of this eminent man having been read at two several meetings of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, in the months of January and March 1793. In the course of this year also, he published the Outlines of Moral Philosophy,—a work which he used as a text-book, and which contained brief notices for the use of his students of the subjects which formed the matter of his academical lectures. In March 1796 he read before the Royal Society his account of the Life and Writings of Dr. Robertson, and in 1802 that of the Life and Writings of Dr. Reid. By these publications alone he continued to be known as an author, till the appearance of his volume of Philosophical Essays in 1810:—a work to which a melancholy interest attaches in the estimation of his friends, from the knowledge that it was in the devotion of his mind to this occupation that he sought a diversion to his thoughts from the affliction he experienced in the death of his second and youngest son. Although, however, the fruits of his studies were not given to the world, the process of intellectual exertion was unremitted. The leading branches of metaphysics had become so familiar to his mind, that the lectures which he delivered very generally extempore, and which varied more or less in the language and matter every year, seemed to cost him little effort; and he was thus left in a great degree at liberty to apply the larger part of his day to the prosecution of his farther speculations. Although he had read more than most of those who are considered learned, his life, as he has himself somewhere remarked, was spent much more in reflecting than in reading; and so unceasing was the activity of his mind, and so strong his disposition to trace all subjects of speculation that were worthy to attract his interest up to their first principles, that all important objects and occurrences furnished fresh matter to his thoughts. The political events of the time suggested many of his inquiries into the principles of political economy;—his reflections on his occasional hours through the country, many of his speculations on the picturesque, the beautiful, and

the sublime;—and the study of the characters of his friends and acquaintances, and of remarkable individuals with whom he happened to be thrown into contact, many of his most profound observations on the sources of the varieties and anomalies of human nature. In the period which intervened between the publication of his first volume of the Philosophy of the Human Mind, and the appearance of his Philosophical Essays, he produced and prepared the matter of all his other writings, with the exception of his Dissertation on the Progress of Metaphysical and Ethical Philosophy, prefixed to the Supplement of the Encyclopedia Britannica. Independent of the prosecution of those metaphysical inquiries which constitute the substance of his second and third volumes of the Philosophy of the Human Mind, to this epoch of his life is to be referred the speculations in which he engaged with respect to the science of political economy, the principles of which he first embodied in a course of lectures, which in the year 1800 he added as a second course to the lectures which formed the immediate subject of the instruction previously delivered in the university from the moral philosophy chair. So general and extensive was his acquaintance with almost every department of literature, and so readily did he arrange his ideas on any subject with a view to their communication to others, that his colleagues frequently, in the event of illness or absence, availed themselves of his assistance in the instruction of their classes. In addition to his own academical duties, he repeatedly supplied the place of Dr. John Robison, professor of natural philosophy. He taught for several months during one winter the Greek classes for the late Mr. Dalzel: he more than one season taught the mathematical classes for the late Mr. Playfair: he delivered some lectures on logic during the illness of Dr. Finlayson; and, if I mistake not, he one winter lectured for some time on belles lettres for the successor of Dr. Blair. In 1796 he was induced once more to open his house for the reception of pupils; and in this capacity, the late Lord Ashburton, the son of the celebrated Mr. Dunning, the present Earl of Warwick, the present Earl of Dudley, Lord Palmerston, his brother the Hon. Mr. Temple, and Mr. Sullivan, the present under-secretary at war, were placed under his care. The Marquess of Lansdowne, though not an inmate in his family, was resident at this time in Edinburgh and a frequent guest in his house, and for him he contracted the highest esteem; and he lived to see him, along with two of his own pupils, cabinet ministers at the same time. Justly conceiving that the formation of manners, and of taste in conversation, constituted a no less important part in the education of men destined to mix so largely in the world, than their graver pursuits, he rendered his house at this time the resort of all who were most distinguished for genius, acquirement, or elegance, in Edinburgh, and of all the foreigners who were led to visit the capital of Scotland. So happily did he succeed in assorting his guests, so well did he combine the grave and the gay, the cheerfulness of youth with the wisdom of age, and amusement with the weightier topics that formed the subject of conversation to his more learned visitors, that his evening parties possessed a charm which many who frequented them have since confessed they have sought in vain in more splendid and insipid entertainments. In the year 1806 he accompanied his friend the Earl of Lauderdale on his mission



to Paris; and he had thus an opportunity not only of renewing many of the literary intimacies which he had formed in France before the commencement of the Revolution, but of extending his acquaintance with the eminent men of that country, with many of whom he continued to maintain a correspondence during his life. The year after the death of his son, he relinquished his chair in the university, and removed to Kinneil House, a seat belonging to his grace the Duke of Hamilton, on the banks of the Firth of Forth, about twenty miles from Edinburgh, where he spent the remainder of his days in philosophical retirement. From this place were dated, in succession, the Philosophical Essays in 1810; the second volume of the Philosophy of the Human Mind in 1813; the Preliminary Dissertation to the Encyclopedia; the continuation of the second part of the Philosophy in 1827; and finally, in 1828, the third volume, containing the Philosophy of the Active and Moral Powers of Man,—a work which he completed only a few short weeks before his career was to close for ever. Here he continued to be visited by his friends, and by most foreigners who could procure an introduction to his acquaintance, till the month of January 1822, when a stroke of palsy, which nearly deprived him of the power of utterance, in a great measure incapacitated him for the enjoyment of any other society than that of a few intimate friends, in whose company he felt no constraint. This great calamity, which bereaved him of the faculty of speech, of the power of exercise, of the use of his right hand,—which reduced him to a state of almost infantile dependence on those around him, and subjected him ever after to a most abstemious regimen,—he bore with the most dignified fortitude and tranquillity. The malady which broke his health and constitution for the rest of his existence, happily impaired neither any of the faculties of his mind, nor the characteristic vigour and activity of his understanding, which enabled him to rise superior to the misfortune. As soon as his strength was sufficiently re-established, he continued to pursue his studies with his wonted assiduity, to prepare his works for the press with the assistance of his daughter as an amanuensis, and to avail himself with cheerful and unabated relish of all the sources of gratification which it was still within his power to enjoy, exhibiting, among some of the heaviest infirmities incident to age, an admirable example of the serene sunset of a well-spent life of classical elegance and refinement, so beautifully imagined by Cicero: 'Quies, et purè, et elegantè actis ætatis, placida ac lenis senectus.' In general company his manner bordered on reserve; but it was the comitate condita gravitas, and belonged more to the general weight and authority of his character, than to any reluctance to take his share in the cheerful intercourse of social life. He was ever ready to acknowledge with a smile the happy sallies of wit; and no man had a keener sense of the ludicrous, or laughed more heartily at genuine humour. His deportment and expression were easy and unembarrassed, dignified, elegant, and graceful. His politeness was equally free from all affectation and from all premeditation; it was the spontaneous result of the purity of his own taste, and of a heart warm with all the benevolent affections, and was characterised by a truth and readiness of tact that accommodated his conduct with undeviating propriety to the circumstances of the present moment, and to the relative situation of those

to whom he addressed himself. From an early period of life he had frequented the best society both in France and in this country, and he had in a peculiar degree the air of good company. In the society of ladies he appeared to great advantage; and to women of cultivated understanding his conversation was particularly acceptable and pleasing. The immense range of his erudition, the attention he had bestowed on almost every branch of philosophy, his extensive acquaintance with every department of elegant literature, ancient or modern, and the fund of anecdote and information which he had collected in the course of his intercourse with the world, with respect to almost all the eminent men of the day, either in this country or in France, enabled him to find suitable subjects for the entertainment of the great variety of visitors of all descriptions who at one period frequented his house. In his domestic circle his character appeared in its most amiable light, and by his family he was beloved and venerated almost to adoration. So uniform and sustained was the tone of his manners, and so completely was it the result of the habitual influence of the natural elegance and elevation of his mind on his external demeanour, that when alone with his wife and children, it hardly differed by a shade from that which he maintained in the company of strangers; for although his fondness, and familiarity, and playfulness, were alike engaging and unrestrained, he never lost any thing either of his grace or his dignity: 'Nec verò ille in luce modo, atque in oculis civium magnus, sed intus domique prestantior.' As a writer of the English language,—as a public speaker,—as an original, a profound, and a cautious thinker,—as an expounder of truth,—as an instructor of youth,—as an elegant scholar,—as an accomplished gentleman;—in the exemplary discharge of the social duties,—in uncompromising consistency and rectitude of principle,—in unbending independence,—in the warmth and tenderness of his domestic affections,—in sincere and unostentatious piety,—in the purity and innocence of his life,—few have excelled him; and, take him for all in all, it will be difficult to find a man who to so many of the perfections has added so few of the imperfections of human nature."

## SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

*Diversions of Holycot; or, a Mother's Art of Thinking.* By the Author of "Clan Albin" and "Elizabeth de Bruce." Edinburgh, 1828. Oliver and Boyd.

THIS is a very delightful production in that most difficult branch of writing—juvenile literature;—whether it be that our artificial feelings are so much easier to excite than our natural ones, and that, in proportion as we advance in life, we are so much made up of habits instead of impulses, so much more accustomed to think than to feel, and to act without doing either, that the mingled simplicity and acuteness of childhood is scarcely dreamed of "in our philosophy;" and truly to write a good child's book not only requires great talents, but talents of a peculiar kind. These this lady possesses in no ordinary degree. The story is interesting, but made subservient to instruction;—little anecdotes of natural history are admirably introduced, and the children are drawn as so few can draw them—clever, well-disposed, but still children. The history of the nutting, the acorn-gathering, and the goldfinch, are most excellently told; and the moral lessons conveyed are not less simple than striking.

But there is one fault, and the worse as it might easily have been avoided; we allude to frequent inelegant and even ungrammatical forms of speech. For example: "Charles had got lessons with Mr. Dodsley;" "Fanny was stuck between dapple's panniers, for she was but short-legged yet;" "as many thistles as he could set his long face to;" "Nelson, nor no great man;"—"kind and considerate of her." Such instances are great defects in a work that insists too on grammatical correctness. However, we wish it well through a first edition, and hope to see all these inaccuracies amended in its second. We observe, from the conclusion, the authoress purposes "raising the table round again;" we look with much pleasure at the announcement: a more careful and correct style is the only improvement to which we would point her attention.

*The Life and Adventures of Alexander Selkirk; containing the real incidents on which the Romance of Robinson Crusoe is founded.* 12mo. pp. 196. Edinburgh, 1829, Oliver and Boyd; London, G. B. Whittaker.

THIS is a very pleasant little volume, and interesting from its associations with the most delightful narrative ever written.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

January 5, 1830.

WISHING to be *au fait* in the art of giving and receiving, I paid a visit to the Comtesse de — on New Year's Day, judging that her youth, beauty, and rank, would command numerous offerings. At one o'clock the countess prepared to conquer admiration by calling up smiles, dimples, and all the artillery of her charms. The first arrival was Monsieur le Marquis de —. On his name being announced, curiosity prompted me to look towards the door; but for some moments I perceived nothing but a powdered head, which almost touched the ground,—for the remainder of the noble personage was still in the ante-chamber; by degrees, however, he advanced, and again performed so low an obeisance, that, in point of form, one might have mistaken him for a pair of sugar-tongs or a triangle; the third salutation happily brought him *vis-à-vis* the lady of the mansion, whose hand he embraced with an ardour rather suited to nineteen than ninety. Madame playfully repulsed his raptures, and performed the coquette so naturally, that the poor marquess, at fourscore and ten, imagined himself to be a very dangerous fellow; for a French woman possesses, to a superior degree, the talent of flattering the *amour propre* of the other sex, without, however, departing from the laws of modesty, or losing her own dignity. After a few minutes converse, or rather display of compliments, which, from their exaggeration, savoured entirely of the old school—M. le Marquis requested permission to ring the bell: this being accorded, he called for his servants. A *chasseur*, covered with gold lace, and having the air of a prince, entered the room, leading a monkey,—*tel maître, tel singe*. This animal was a fac-simile of his master, at least with regard to *townure*, bows, and graces. "Oh, *le joli singe!* qu'il est gentil! qu'il est charmant!" cried the countess, with a gravity of countenance an English woman could hardly have commanded. The monkey was then ordered to kneel at madame's feet, and avow itself her slave, by presenting to her the golden chain which was around its neck and clasped together by one large diamond. This token of friendship, or of admiration, was received with easy gracefulness on

the part of the countess, who requested the marquis to render it valuable by placing it round her throat, which ceremony entitled him to an embrace on each cheek. After recommending to Monsieur le Singe to be sage, docile, and attentive to madame, the antiquated lover took his leave with rather a triumphant step, though none of his bows or manoeuvres were forgotten. As soon as he had made his exit, the countess gave way to a burst of laughter. "Ce pauvre marquis," she said, "faut-il être imbécile à un tel point? que veut-il que je fasse avec ce vilain singe?" "But the diamond?" I observed. "A la bonne heure," she replied; "voilà de bon sens." The next personage worthy of notice was a young diplomat, in person and manners tout à fait l'opposé de Monsieur le Marquis. Not for a moment even would he have had the cruelty to deprive society of the sight of his beaux traits; his salutation was a demi-bow and demi-courtesy; and this sinking and rising would no doubt have continued for some minutes, had not the hat of cet élégant par excellence fallen from his delicate fingers: indeed, as he stooped to raise it, I felt seriously alarmed for so fragile a being—for nothing but a miracle could have saved him from breaking in two. His attention was divided between the countess and the reflection of his own person in an opposite mirror; he talked of kings, princes, and ambassadors; sighed, looked pompous and sentimental by turns, and seemed to think that every lady in the room would have died even to obtain a look from him. His offering to la belle comtesse was a musical box, which he termed a bagatelle. It being, however, set round with brilliants, the amiable hostess deigned to accept it.

These two extremes of old and new *bon ton* amused me much; but neither of them gave me any idea of what I suppose to be real politeness: indeed, I believe, to produce a gentleman, il faut (as a French lady said) la noblesse et la simplicité d'un Anglais, avec la grâce et l'élégance d'un Français.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,—In your *Gazette* of Dec. 27, under the head "The Ellis Correspondence," you write thus: "The subjoined is quoted as a verse of a song sung much about London (1686): we wish we had it all.

"Then pray for the soul of Gabriel John;  
Or if you please you may let it alone—  
'Tis all one."

Now, as I can furnish you with the whole production, I here subjoin the remaining verses.

"For Gabriel John was a weary wight;  
He pray'd all day, and he drank all night,  
Och one!

He married one woman and lived with another;  
He poisoned his father and cheated his brother—  
Cruel John!

He swore like a toper and read like a priest;  
He called himself gentleman, yet was a beast—  
When alone.

He died in his bed—had he died at his door,  
'Twas much too good for  
Gabriel John.

He laugh'd and he cried, he cursed and sung,  
He tore his own hair, and he bit his own tongue—  
Poor John!

He died like a dog, with a grin and a growl,  
And the Devil flew off with Gabriel's soul  
Anon.

And his body was buried in Blackfriars' church,  
On the left-hand side, as you enter the porch,  
Under a stone."

Liverpool.

SIGMA.\*

\* We thank our friend Sigma, who will see that, for the sake of propriety, we have softened one word, and omitted the termination of one verse.—Ed. L. G.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### PROPOSED VISIT TO TIMBUCTOO.

NOTHING seems yet to have been determined upon by the French government as to the return of M. Caillé to Timbuctoo. That enterprising man is ready, and indeed anxious, to set out; but there are obstacles in his way which cannot easily be surmounted. It would be necessary for him to retrace a part of his former route, in which he was indebted for safety to a well-devised fiction, about his being a native of the country, who had been carried away in his youth before he could undergo the essential rites of Mahomedanism, which he would take the earliest opportunity of having performed. This story cannot be repeated with effect; and his re-appearance among tribes upon whom it imposed might be productive of great danger.

M. Caillé's forthcoming account of his travels is expected to excite great interest among the Parisians, who take much pride in the circumstance of a Frenchman having seen, and safely returned from, Timbuctoo. Passages of this work are already in circulation, from which we learn some interesting details of former travellers. In private conversation with a friend on the subject of Major Laing's assassination, M. Caillé stated that the only chance of escaping death was by conforming to the Mahomedan religion; and that his scruples on that head being unconquerable, his murder was resolved on. When it was observed to M. Caillé that Major Laing had not acted with ordinary prudence in not conforming, outwardly at least, to this religion, until he could have an opportunity of again openly declaring himself a Christian, M. Caillé said that the unfortunate traveller would have profited nothing by such an act of duplicity, as he would have been narrowly watched by the tribe amongst whom it would be necessary to reside after his pretended conversion, and his escape would have been almost impossible, as, if he succeeded even in reaching a neighbouring sect, he would be no better off. The fate of Major Laing was, says M. Caillé, a familiar topic of conversation at Timbuctoo, where his refusal to abjure his religion created some interest, as it led to his destruction. But of another traveller, Mungo Park, he was not able to obtain the slightest account, from the number of years that have elapsed since he died. M. Caillé's description of Timbuctoo has already been made public; but in his work there will, we understand, appear several plates, representing the two mosques, and other buildings, of that long fabled capital, sketches of which he ventured to take at the imminent risk of discovery and punishment.

### LA PEROUSE.

*Extract of a Report of M. Dumont d'Urville on the Operations of the Astrolabe Corvette, from its departure from Hobart Town (Jan. 5, 1828) to its arrival at Batavia (August 29, 1828).*

THE corvette Astrolabe left Hobart Town on the 5th of January, to explore the islands in which Captain Dillon found traces of the shipwreck of La Pérouse. After a fortnight's dangerous voyage, it came in sight of Norfolk Island, whence it steered towards Matthew's Rock, which the Coquille was not able to find and which is only an islet, about two miles in circumference; the sides of which, rent by a volcano, still burning, do not exhibit any signs of vegetation. It was on the 28th of January that the Astrolabe passed this rock; and M.

d'Urville left it immediately after, to proceed to Tikopia, which he reached on the 10th of February, and had some communication with the natives. After vain attempts to induce the Prussian Buchter and the Lascar, mentioned by Captain Dillon, to accompany him to Vanikoro (and not Mallicolo), he sailed for that island, taking with him two Englishmen who had deserted from a whaler and resided at Tikopia, and five natives of Vanikoro, where he arrived on the morning of the 14th. This day was employed in examining the reefs which surround the island, and the passages by which it may be approached. On the next day, the west winds hindering them from entering the bay in which the two vessels commanded by La Pérouse had perished, M. d'Urville endeavoured, but without success, to find the island of Taumako, celebrated by the voyage of Quixos, and which it has since been impossible to discover.

On the 19th he again came off Vanikoro; and after having again explored the eastern bay, which he named Tevai, the name of a village near it, he determined to bring the corvette thither on the 21st. On the 25th of February, he despatched the boat, commanded by M. Gressier, towards the reefs of Vanou and Païou. That officer returned the following day, after having gone round the island, bringing back some trifling articles proceeding from the wreck, but without any information respecting the place where the Frenchmen had perished; which induced M. d'Urville to send on the 26th M. Jacquinot and four officers belonging to the staff. The sight of a piece of scarlet cloth which they offered to the natives, induced the latter to point out to them the place of which they were in search, and where they saw, scattered at the bottom of the water, at the depth of three or four fathoms, anchors, cannon, balls, pigs of lead, and an immense quantity of sheet lead. The boat not being large enough to take away any of these articles, the long boat was sent to the spot, after the Astrolabe had been brought to an anchor in the inner bay, or bay of Manneval (as Captain d'Urville called it); the only entrance to which is through a channel which is very narrow and choked up with coral rocks. This operation required two days, and exposed the corvette to great danger. It was on the 2d of March that the Astrolabe was moored behind the village of Manneval. On the 3d, the long boat was sent to the reefs of Païou and Vanou, both for the purpose of examining the reefs, and also to take out of the sea some things belonging to the shipwrecked vessels:—it brought back an anchor weighing 1,800 pounds, a short brass eight-pounder, a pig of lead, and two swivels.

Being now certain that this was the place where the vessels of La Pérouse were wrecked, M. d'Urville thought of executing the project which he had formed,—of raising a monument in the island Vanikoro to the memory of our unfortunate countrymen. This monument was completed in a week; and a detachment of ten men marched three times round it and fired three volleys, while a salute of twenty-one guns made the mountains of Vanikoro re-echo. The inhabitants, alarmed, and not knowing what this meant, sent two of their chiefs on board the corvette, where they were received with friendship; and being convinced by numerous presents that we had no intention to injure them, they promised to respect the mausoleum; which, besides, being built of wood and stone, had nothing about it that could tempt their cupidity. On one of the faces is



a plate of lead, on which is engraven the following inscription :

A LA MEMOIRE DE LA PEROUSE ET DE SES  
COMPAGNONS. L'ASTROLABE, XIV. MARS  
M.DCCC.XXVIII.

A fever and bad weather prevented other inquiries; and on the 15th the corvette quitted the haven of Mangadey, and succeeded in reaching the open sea by the northern passage, without accident.

The information which M. d'Urville was able to procure at Vanikoro respecting the shipwreck of La Pérouse is very incomplete, on account of the difficulty which the inhabitants made in answering his questions. The following are the particulars which he has been able to collect from some of them :—

After a very dark night, during which the south-east wind had blown with great violence, the islanders suddenly perceived in the morning, on the south coast, opposite the district of Tanema, an immense canoe aground between the reefs, where it was soon dashed to pieces, and entirely disappeared, so that no part of it could be afterwards saved. Of those on board no more than about thirty were able to escape in a boat, and land upon the island. On the following day the savages perceived another canoe, like the first, stranded before Païou; but, being to leeward of the island, less exposed to the wind and sea, and also fixed on a regular bottom, with only fifteen or eighteen feet water, it remained a long time without going to pieces. All those who were on board landed at Païou, where they established themselves with those belonging to the other ship, and immediately set about building a small vessel with the materials of that which had not sunk. The French, whom they called Mara, were, they say, always respected by the natives, who never approached them without kissing their hands (a ceremony which they often practised towards the officers of the *Astrolabe*). However, there were frequent quarrels, and in one of them the natives lost five men, three of whom were chiefs, and the French two. At length, after six or seven months labour, the little vessel was finished, and all the strangers left the island, according to the generally received opinion. Some affirm that two of them staid behind, but that they lived only a short time. In this respect no doubt can remain; and their unanimous statements prove that there cannot be any Frenchmen either at Vanikoro or in the islands of Ourry and Edgiasmeba (Toupoua, in their language), nor even at Saint Croix (Intendi), or the neighbouring islands. At St. Croix there is only one white man, who belonged to a whaler.

As for the route which the Frenchmen probably took on leaving Vanikoro, (if the accounts of the natives are to be believed:—if they were not all massacred,) Captain d'Urville thinks that they steered towards New Ireland, to reach the Moluccas or the Philippines by the north of New Guinea, and that it is on the west coast of the Solomon Isles that some traces of their passage might perhaps one day be found, because the condition in which they were would not allow them to venture to pass through Torres Strait. Captain d'Urville was directed by his instructions to steer towards that strait; but the deplorable condition to which the crew of the *Astrolabe* was reduced, compelled him to proceed to Guam, where he hoped to find means to give them some repose, and to recover the sick, whose number daily increased. After another attempt to find the island of Taumako, which was as unsuccessful

as the preceding, the *Astrolabe* sailed on the 26th of March for the Marian islands. This voyage was not exempt from difficulties, nor without advantage to science; for that part of the Carolines which M. Duperrey had not been able to visit, was explored by the officers of the *Astrolabe*. One of the Englishmen, *Hamilton* (Hamilton?) who had been taken on board at Tikopia, and had been of much use to Captain d'Urville in his intercourse with the natives of Vanikoro, died at Umata. Others of her sick perished, which is ascribed to their intemperance, and to the too great facility with which they were able to indulge in it.

After leaving the Marian islands, May 13, the corvette successively visited several islands, and on the 10th July arrived at Amboyna.

On the 18th of July, Captain d'U. quitted the road of Amboyna, and on the 27th the corvette cast anchor in the road Marado, before Fort Amsterdam. Here the time was employed in making excursions into the interior; and various additions were made to the collections of natural history. At length, on the 29th of August, in the evening, the *Astrolabe* arrived at Batavia, where Captain d'Urville received the most flattering reception.

On the 29th of September it arrived at the Isle de France, whence it will return to Toulon, as soon as the crew have had the repose they require after so fatiguing an expedition.

#### INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

OUR attention has of late been directed to the proceedings of the literary and learned Societies of the metropolis, and we therefore cannot in justice omit some account of the above-mentioned institution. A royal charter was granted only last year, and consequently we shall have excellent opportunities to watch the growth, and to report the progress, of this young and very promising offspring of civilisation. Here is a profession formed and entirely supported by the artificial though useful wants of our favoured country; and as this profession becomes identified by assuming the form of a learned society, the knowledge elicited, in the discussion of facts and practical observations contributed by the several members, will be of the highest authority and importance. Nor will the civil engineer be alone interested in this knowledge, since it deeply concerns all those wealthy speculators who require trustworthy information, as well as all who promote national improvements and works of art, and it will be of especial advantage to those other learned societies who found their philosophical deductions on the sure ground of experience.

This Society proposes to discuss all those difficult and abstruse subjects on which the collected intelligence of our best civil engineers may throw some light; and as these questions may be proposed by any member, here is an open road to the best source of information. Original papers, drawings, and estimates, are annually presented by the ordinary members who form the first class: these most important and valuable acquisitions are open to the researches of all the members.

Upon the whole, as a school of the highest order, and as one where perhaps an F.R.S. or F.S.A. would find himself a learner, we recommend it to all who would possess useful knowledge by the easy and pleasant method of social conversation.

#### MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

A GREAT schism has occurred in this Society, which—it may have been surmised from our manner of mentioning it, when its proceedings came under our notice—was never an especial

favourite with us. We are far from denying that an institution of the kind may be rendered important and useful to science; but it always struck us that there was more puffing about the Medico-Botanical Society than was consistent with the dignity of such an association. Some of our best institutions, it is true, had long ceased to produce any marked effects on the arts, sciences, or literature of the age, in consequence of their want of publicity; but this new body rushed into the opposite extreme, and its everlasting newspaper-paragraphs were only worthy of pretension and quackery.

With regard to recent transactions, we have for some weeks been in possession of the conflicting statements; but, as is our practice, we declined being a partisan on either one side or the other. The main facts, we believe, were briefly these:—Mr. Frost, who has been so active in promoting the interests of the Society as to have identified himself (under the anomalous title of "Director,") conspicuously with its progress, seems to have become obnoxious to a number of its supporters. They considered him guilty of egotism, presumption, and vanity,—and there has existed for some time a strong feeling on this point. On the other hand, Mr. Frost was countenanced and supported so far; and certainly, for we inquire not into motives, shewed himself a zealous (if a vain and indiscreet) officer of the Institution. But, to use a common saying, things were at odds and evens, when some collection of plants, presented by a member, was, in the course of affairs, sent to Mr. Brown, with a request that he would class them, &c. for the museum. It is unnecessary to enter into the little details of what ensued; suffice it to say, that in a correspondence on the subject, Mr. Brown treated Mr. Frost with great contumely, as an impertinent pretender; and either that Mr. Brown was deemed to be in error, or that Mr. Frost had influence enough to induce a meeting, at which Lord Stanhope presided, to expel that gentleman,—unquestionably one of the ablest botanists in Europe. The result has been a complete rupture in the Society—some of its most distinguished members have withdrawn; and the whole is so shaken in public opinion that it is pretty clear a new organisation must take place, or the Medico-Botanical Society is in danger of falling, even in its spring, into the sear and yellow leaf.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

THURSDAY, 15 Jan. 1829, Henry Hallam, Esq. in the chair. A highly interesting paper was read, communicated by Mr. Ellis, relative to the massacre at Paris in 1572, generally denominated the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. It has been a subject of controversy among historians, whether this unparalleled and dreadful tragedy originated in a sudden ebullition of hatred to the Protestant religion, or was the subject of a preconcerted and deep-laid plot. It was clearly proved, by an original document of instructions transmitted to the Regent Morton of Scotland, by order of Queen Elizabeth, that the massacre was a measure calmly and coolly determined on before it was carried into execution. The instructions give full warning to the regent to be on his guard against the secret introduction of French emissaries to undermine the reformed religion, or by a bolder attempt in the descent of a French fleet on the coast of Scotland.

Thoms Stapleton, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, was balloted for, and duly elected; and the ballot for James Hoffman, Esq. was announced

for next Thursday. Mr. Sharon Turner's History was presented to the Society by the author; and also the XVth Part of Dr. Meyrick's beautiful work on Ancient Arms and Armour, by his son.

#### THE LITERARY FUND.

AT the monthly meeting of the committee, on Wednesday, the distress of several applicants was relieved; but we rejoice to say that in this instance no cases of great calamity occurred. The club, which is a private meeting growing out of the Institution, supported at the individual expense of its friends, afterwards dined, as usual, at the Freemasons' Tavern. It is gratifying to state, that the general public interest in this truly excellent charity has increased so much, that the donations and subscriptions of the last seven years exceed those of the preceding seven by no less than 2,332*l*. By so much more, consequently, have literary sorrows been alleviated.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### THE COLOSSEUM.

ON Wednesday last that extraordinary and magnificent building, the Colosseum, was opened to the public. To the painful circumstances which induced its enterprising projector to take this sudden, and indeed somewhat premature, step, we will no further advert, than by expressing our earnest hope, or rather our conviction, that those circumstances will not be permitted to prevent, or even to delay, the completion of an undertaking which it must have required a most powerful imagination to conceive, and rare talents and ingenuity, as well as irrepressible energy and indefatigable perseverance, to bring into its present advanced state. It would be disgraceful to a country like England, should any difficulty be found in procuring the few thousands of pounds which may be necessary for the purpose.

It happens very fortunately that the part of Mr. Hornor's plan which is beyond all doubt the most valuable and important, is the part in which the greatest progress has been made. We allude to the panoramic view of London. Tasteful as all the accessories will, we are persuaded, be, and manifold and curious as are the resources and expedients by which their great and beautiful variety will be ultimately accomplished, we cannot but consider them to be as subordinate, when put in competition with this, the principal object, as the attendants of a court are to the monarch whom they serve, or the satellites of Jupiter to the orb round which they are revolving. To the panorama, therefore, our attention shall in the present instance be chiefly devoted.

In the first place, it is by far the largest picture that ever was painted. The diameter of the circle of canvass is a hundred and thirty-four feet, and it is sixty feet from the floor to the springing of the dome—making about twenty-four thousand square feet: at the bottom there are nearly four thousand more square feet of canvass, curving inwards; and at the top there are fifteen thousand square feet of plaster, on which the sky is represented—forming, in all, a painted superficies of above forty thousand square feet! Great, however, as is the size of this leviathan of art, its size is its least recommendation. The effect which it produces upon the spectator, when, after he has ascended the first flight of the spiral staircase which is constructed in the middle of the building, and entered the principal gallery,—it bursts upon his astonished eye, it is impossible adequately to describe. His first impression is

that it is nature—that it is the stupendous scene itself—at which he is looking; and some moments of recollection and reflection are necessary to convince him that he is only “mocked with art.” In one respect, the imitation actually transcends the reality. Even on the finest day, there is almost always some portion of the immense horizon that ought to be visible from the top of St. Paul's—an horizon of above a hundred and twenty miles in circumference—obscured by mist. Now, in the picture, although there is quite enough of atmosphere and of vapour, not any thing is permitted to be entirely hidden by them; and it would be necessary to make a number of visits to the top of St. Paul's to obtain as clear and complete a notion of the surrounding objects and country, as that which is here to be acquired at once. There is scarcely a field, or a tree, or a hovel, from which St. Paul's can be seen, which is not introduced; and not merely introduced, but introduced with a scrupulous attention to accuracy; and yet, so admirably has the general effect been consulted, that these minute features, instead of injuring, appear to be essentially beneficial to it. When it is stated that “the circle bounding earth and skies,” starting from Windsor Castle and taking to the right, comprehends Harrow, Hampstead, Highgate, Islington, Hackney, Epping Forest, Bow, Plaistow, the Nore, Shooter's Hill, the Beeches on Madam's Court Hill, Sydenham, Norwood, Wimbledon, Richmond, and a thousand intermediate places (which are all distinctly visible, if not with the naked eye, with glasses which are kept in the gallery for the purpose), before it returns to the royal residence,—it will be obvious to every one that it would require a folio volume even to enumerate the myriads of parts of which this immense distance is composed. Of course we shall not venture upon the slightest attempt to do so.

Amidst so much excellence it is difficult to make any selection; or we should say that one of the passages of this great work with which we were most fascinated was the view of the majestic Thames, winding its graceful course through the various bridges by which it is spanned, from Putney to London. It is impossible to conceive any thing more beautiful than that portion of the river, and of the adjacent buildings, including Lambeth Palace, Westminster Abbey and Hall, the Adelphi, Somerset House, the Temple, &c., which extends from Vauxhall to a little below Blackfriars. Sunny gleams and reflections on the water, painted with great care and happiness, constitute this the principal focus of the light of the picture.

“England's mighty heart,” with its numerous veins and arteries—her vast and magnificent metropolis, with all its venerable churches, noble palaces, ancient halls, public hospitals, spacious squares, populous streets, splendid theatres, extensive docks, commodious markets, pleasant parks, and flowery gardens, occupies the lower portion of the canvass, and may be examined for hour after hour, and day after day, with a delight and wonder perpetually increasing. For our own parts, we have dwelt upon it until we forgot that what we were gazing at was only “a plane, variously coloured;” and ardently longed to have our old and sagacious friend Asmodeus at our elbow, that we might know a little of what was going on under some of the countless roofs which were spread out beneath us. What an inexhaustible subject of contemplation! Dull, indeed, must be that imagination which it would not excite.

The nearer buildings are remarkably fine.

Of these the new Post-Office is one of the principal; and is a most elaborate and masterly representation of that beautiful edifice. And this leads us to express our admiration of the knowledge and skill with which, on a concave surface, the various lines intended to represent straight forms, have been drawn, so as completely to fulfil the desired purpose. To do this, it is evident that the simple processes of the scene-painter or the architectural draftsman would be quite inadequate. The closest objects are the lofty campanile towers of St. Paul's. On the canvass they are actually forty feet high; and they are painted with a force, and a truth, and an attention to details, which render them perfectly deceptive. All that surprises us while we are looking at them is, that so long a time elapses without the sonorous striking of the great clock.

We must not omit to mention the sky. Without being monotonous, the gradations in it are managed with so much art and delicacy, that they do not force themselves upon the eye, or attract it injuriously from the grand scene below. A friend of ours, who accompanied us in our visit to the Colosseum, exclaimed, after we had quitted the building, “God bless me! I forgot to look at the sky.” It was the greatest compliment which he could pay the painter. It proved that, like a skilful back-ground to a portrait, the sky did its duty, without becoming obtrusive.

More than half the picture is completed; the remainder is so considerably advanced, that all the difficulties are surmounted; and a few weeks of vigorous application would suffice to finish the whole.

We must now say a few words with respect to the manner in which, and the individuals by whom, this great work, as far as it has hitherto gone, has been accomplished. To Mr. Hornor belongs exclusively the honour of the original conception. The singular ability and fearlessness which he manifested in making his drawings from his little fragile hut, raised upon slight and tottering poles above the elevation of the cross of St. Paul's; his determined perseverance, his “hair-breadth escapes,” and the ultimate completion of his task, are fresh in the recollection of every reader of the *Literary Gazette*. Having rendered those drawings as correct as repeated efforts and the best instruments could render them, Mr. Hornor proceeded still further to rectify them, by visiting and examining all those features of the extensive scene, respecting the exact form and situation of which he entertained any doubt. Having thus amassed a collection of drawings of unprecedented fidelity and minuteness, the next object was to erect the building of which the picture was to be painted from them was to constitute the chief ornament. Of that branch of the subject we will speak in a future Number. The building having been erected by Mr. Decimus Burton, the canvass for the picture was prepared by Mr. Baber, who had prepared the canvass for the first of Mr. Barker's panoramas; the subject of which was also a view of London, but from the Albion Mills then standing at the Surrey foot of Blackfriars' Bridge. The dimensions of the canvass we have already mentioned. It was suspended at the distance, towards the base of the building, of three feet from the wall, all round. The transfer of the outlines from the drawings to the canvass was then undertaken by Mr. E. T. Parris; a gentleman possessed, not only of great talent as an artist, but also of extraordinary ingenuity as a mechanic; and in the selection of



whom it would seem as if Mr. Hornor had been guided by observing his congenial energy, enthusiasm, and diligence. By means of squares, Mr. Parris, in December 1825, began to draw in the outlines with chalk, on a scale sixteen times larger each way, or, in other words, two hundred and fifty-six times the size of the originals. This was a work of much labour, and demanding close attention; but it was, nevertheless, completed in the following April. The painting (which is in oil) was then commenced. It was evident that Mr. Parris's single hand, or rather his two hands (for he is ambidextrous) must be unequal to so extensive an undertaking. Mr. Hornor therefore engaged several artists to assist him. But, although most of them were men of high and acknowledged powers, yet, owing in a great measure to their being entirely unaccustomed to their new occupation, their progress was slow, and, which was worse, by no means satisfactory. In fact, it was a kind of Dutch concert, in which every performer was playing a distinct and separate tune. Each also was anxious that his allotment, whatever it might be, should be conspicuous; like some Rosencrantz or Guildenstern, seeking to render his character as prominent and effective as that of Hamlet. One individual, a lover of independence, and resolved not to be classed with the *imitatores, servum pecus*, made the smoke from his chimneys proceed in a direction directly opposite to that of his neighbour; another, an equal admirer of originality, lighted up the building on which he was employed by a sun-beam from the north. The great change, almost amounting to that of enamel colours when they undergo the process of vitrification, which occurred in the apparent hue of the various pigments, according to the situation in which they were placed, was likewise a fruitful source of perplexity. Bricks, that were intended to be red, looked blue; and slates, that were intended to be blue, looked red. By degrees the picture began to assume the appearance of one of those patch-work quilts which shew that the industry of our great-grandmothers predominated over their taste. The consequence of all this was, that in several cases it was necessary to re-paint what had been done, and in every instance materially to modify it; and that, eventually, Mr. Parris, having trained up several house-painters for the purpose, determined, with their assistance in the more laborious parts of the task, to execute the whole himself. The delightfully harmonious result proves the wisdom of his decision.

In addition to the numerous previous studies of aerial perspective and general effect which Mr. Parris made from St. Paul's itself, to the prodigious extent of surface to be covered, and to the multiplicity and complexity of the objects to be introduced, there was the great difficulty of getting at the canvass, in order to be able to paint upon it at all. Here Mr. Parris's mechanical ingenuity became exceedingly serviceable to him. He devised all kinds of light scaffoldings, bridges, and platforms. Sometimes he was supported from the floor by two or three long and slender spars, which vibrated with every motion of his arm; sometimes he was suspended by cords from the roof, swinging like Shakespeare's celebrated samphire-gatherer. It must require strong nerves to remain passively in such situations;—how much more to be able freely to exercise all the faculties both of mind and of body in them! Nor was the danger imaginary. On two occasions Mr. Parris fell from a considerable

height; but, fortunately, in neither did he suffer any serious injury. Of the perils to which we have alluded, the cut which accompanies this brief description will convey some, though a very inadequate, notion to our readers.\*

Of the numerous apartments, the conservatories, the Swiss cottage, the cascades, &c. we shall at present say but little; for they are all in an unfinished state, and some of them are scarcely begun. It may, however, gratify the curiosity of our readers to give a slight sketch of what they are, and of what they are intended to be.

The promenade-room, which comprehends the whole area of the building, when hung with draperies, fitted with glasses, and filled with suitable furniture, will be much the most superb saloon in London. In order to increase its attractions, and to benefit the fine and the useful arts, Mr. Hornor means to appropriate a portion of it to the exhibition of valuable productions of modern art and ingenuity.

A suite of rooms, attached to the principal structure, on the north side, is in progress, for the accommodation of subscribers alone. To these rooms one access will be by a flight of marble steps from the garden. This conduces to a spacious apartment, which is to assume the appearance of a Turkish kiosk, and from which will run a sequence of galleries, leading to the grand library, which is of peculiarly beautiful proportions. Various refectories, &c. will be attached.

Mr. Hornor has assembled a number of the most rare and exquisite plants, both exotic and indigenous, and these are arranged in conservatories in a manner calculated to shew them to the greatest possible advantage. Among them is the most magnificent specimen of the *Camellia Japonica* in this country, and which produces at least thirty varieties of flowers. In the centre of one of the conservatories is a circular tank filled with water, and surrounded by small jets, which are to raise their streams so as to form a case of water, within which aquatic plants are to be supplied from the shell of a sleeping *Undine*, an elegant marble figure, sculptured by Mr. Sievier. Several aviaries are also in preparation.

In the grounds is a Swiss cottage, in itself a singularly fanciful and pleasing object. The view from this cottage, if completed according to Mr. Hornor's plan, will be enchanting. It will present three cascades, the highest of which will precipitate itself from an elevation of sixty feet; and these will be relieved by shrubs, trees, rocks, caverns, and, in short, a most picturesque assemblage of objects. All, however, that yet appears is the large arch, composed of massy and irregular stones, under which the water from the falls is ultimately to flow.

We have already stated that the staircase to the panorama ascends from the middle of the Colosseum. Within the column by which that staircase is supported, is a small circular chamber, which, by means of machinery, is to be made to ascend with an imperceptible motion, for the purpose of elevating those visitors who are too indolent, or who may be unable, to mount by the usual way. There are three galleries, at different heights, from all of which the picture may be viewed. Nearly at the summit are the identical cross and ball which were removed from the top of St. Paul's a few years ago, to be replaced by those at present there.

\* Preparing for our next, or the ensuing No., and which will (we trust) convey a perfect idea of the Colosseum, and the means by which it was produced.—Ed. L. G.

Another short staircase then leads to a doot which opens upon the leads of the Colosseum, from which there is an extensive view of the Regent's Park, and its beautiful neighbourhood.

In conclusion, we have only to repeat our best wishes for the success of an establishment, of a nature wholly unprecedented in this or any other country, and which, when in a perfect state, will realise the descriptions of some of the most magical scenes in the Arabian Nights.

#### QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.

M. TURNERELLI is now engaged in taking a bust of this very interesting young princess, at Laleham. She gives her sittings regularly every morning; but the natural antipathy of youth to long-continued restraint, must cause the sculptor to take both time and pains to produce a faithful likeness. This, however, we have no doubt the artist's talents will achieve.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### A FATHER'S REPROOF TO HIS PROFLIGATE SON.

COME not to me!—thy words are vain,  
False as thy treacherous heart within;  
Come not to me!—'tis grief, 'tis pain,  
To listen to thy voice of sin!  
My pardon would'st thou hope to win,  
Blot from my mind thy later years;  
I'm weak—despair hath worn me thin!  
I'm blind—my sight is lost with tears!  
What would'st thou say? An angel's tongue  
Could not excuse that guilty deed;  
Is not thy life one scene of wrong?  
Crime after crime, like waves, succeed!  
My heart, my aged heart, doth bleed,  
To name such infamy as thine;  
Begone! my spirit would be freed;  
Away! thou art no son of mine.  
Alas! that I must ~~bleed~~ the day  
On which thy virtuous mother died;  
She said her loss thou should'st repay,  
Should'st be my help, my joy, my pride!  
My help!—it made me poor to hide  
Thine earliest character from blame!  
My joy!—look! *blindness* hath repaid;  
My pride!—what, thou!—oh shame! oh shame!  
Bend thy proud knees, and from the dust  
Call on thine injured God to hear;  
Forsake thy wretched haunts; be just,  
Ere shameful death end shame's career;  
Wring from those eyes of stone a tear,  
And may it be a star to save;  
But never more approach me near,  
Till I am dead, in my calm grave!

CHARLES SWAIN.

##### THE LAMENT OF ONE WHO "CAN GET NO EMPLOY."

So wobegone a gentleman  
I'm sure you never knew,  
I am a wretch that has not got  
A single thing to do!  
I never drink,—for I have not  
A grain of sense to spare;  
I never smoke: poor earthly joy!  
It all dissolves in air!  
I never swear—I reckon that  
The stupidest of sins;  
I will not game—I've nought to lose,  
And no one ever wins!  
I cannot swim,—my system has  
A tendency to cramp!  
I never sail,—that getting drown'd  
Does always strike so damp!

I will not skate—besides, in June  
I could not if I chose;  
I take no snuff—for truly mine  
Is not a hungry nose.  
I cannot study—for my head's  
The worst of thoroughfares;  
I never hunt—I hold my life  
Worth thirty thousand hares.  
I never shoot—my poulterer's boy  
Does all that dirty work;  
I hate all politics—the Greek,  
The Russian, and the Turk.  
I cannot talk from morn till night—  
What have I got to tell?—  
Nor hear another! better lodge  
Next door to old Bow Bell!  
I never dance;—what! bob my legs,  
And bounce about the floor!  
I never sing—a singing man's  
A nuisance and a bore.  
I play no fiddle—squalls and squeals  
Will not repay one's labours;  
Nor whining flute—what right have I  
To tantalise my neighbours?  
I can't compose—I cannot see  
Where lies an author's bliss;  
Compose! why, bless my foolish pen!  
Why, only look at this!

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY. ANECDOTES OF DIGNITARIES.

WITHOUT meaning to disparage the very amiable and accomplished class of persons who preside over some of our seminaries for young ladies, anciently called boarding-schools, we may observe that there are others in that line who are neither overburdened with great kindness of disposition nor great acquirements. One of these lately requested a sub-governess to purchase a bottle of oil for her hair; which was done accordingly—the price half-a-crown. Madam was enraged; half-a-crown! she never gave more than a shilling, not she! Wondered how Miss could have been so imposed upon, or — Miss explained—it was the best oil, &c.—it was millefleur! “Don't talk to me,” replied her enraged principal, “of meal and flour, I don't care for them—it is the oil I object to.” This same lady was a great martinet. One Sunday the school was marshalling for church, when a girl could not find her gloves, and a sad bustle ensued;—but the governess, with great promptitude, thrust her into a closet, and locked her up till the party returned, well knowing that the mistress would certainly notice the deficiency of gloves, but was not at all likely to miss a pupil. The *ruse* succeeded, and no censure was incurred.

#### DRAMA.

##### KING'S THEATRE.

THE arrangements which M. Laporte has made for the ensuing season lead us to anticipate one of unusual brilliance. The *annonce* which has been issued to the subscribers is full of attraction. We find amongst the first, Madame Pisaroni, a singer who, if not in herself miraculously handsome, possesses a voice at least of infinite beauty. This lady has long been celebrated in Italy as a contralto, and has gathered some recent laurels in Paris. We have heard much said in her disparagement on the score of personal appearance. For our own parts, we think little of such matters; but we are sure the public are too generous to neglect extraordinary talent on a pretext so frivolous. Nobody in Paris seems to care about the mat-

ter, and why should we? Again, people are prepared to expect nothing beautiful, and, consequently, no disappointment can occur. Of this defect no one can be more sensible than the lady herself, as the instance of her spirited and ingenuous conduct to Barbaja sufficiently evinces. Barbaja wrote to engage her; Madame Pisaroni replied with a minute description of her figure, which she conceived might operate to his disadvantage, and concluded by leaving it to his option to fulfil the engagement or not, as he pleased.—To Pisaroni succeeds Madame Monticelli, from the Scala at Milan, of whom nothing is known to us. She is reputed clever, beautiful, and young. Next in succession is the dazzling daughter of Garcia, Madame Malibran, the dark Spanish beauty, whose charms reigned supreme over captive Parisian hearts during the whole of last season. She is expected to eclipse even the star-like Sontag, to whom we may again repeat our idolatry in May. To the above list may be added, Signora Specchi, nothing wonderful we suspect, and Madame Castelli.

To proceed to the men;—rejoice we greatly that our favourite, honey-voiced, and ever pleasing Zucchelli is re-engaged; and Curioni, who is respectable, if not first-rate. Vincenzi Galli, basso cantante, and brother to the celebrated Galli who was here under Mr. Ebers's management, is one of the new comers; as is Bordogni, the tenor and buffo from Paris. This Bordogni, by the way, is an excellent musician; but his voice is to the full as feeble as Pellegrini's. Among the most marked\* (as Ude would say) is the great Donzelli. This splendid person has come directly from the Théâtre Italien at Paris, but gained his high reputation under Barbaja in Italy. His great characters are *Otello*, *Adriano in Il Crociato*, and *Roderick Dhu in Il Donna del Lago*, in the last of which he makes his *début* with Pisaroni.

Graziani, Deville, De Angeli, and Specchi, appear amongst the minors.

For the ballet the attractions are by no means equal. We have Coulon (whose name reminds us of Pelham's mamma), Frederic, Gosselin the gigantic, and, above all, Pauline the fascinating and fairy-like. We are delighted with the return of this *jolie petite danseuse*, and praise Lord Fife for his discernment, as we understand it is to his lordship we are indebted for the gratification. She is to appear in the *Somnambule*,—a very pretty ballet. We have, moreover, Péan, Rinaldi, Vague Moulin, Olivier, and a hundred others; but amongst all these there is no *première*; and we hardly think the corps can be called complete. However, *nous verrons*.

Pasta is not engaged, nor Caradori.

In the policy of one measure adopted, we regret that we cannot concur. We allude to the alterations which have been made in the pit, by converting several of the front rows into private stalls; for which the very high price of one guinea is to be demanded. These stalls are divided from the pit, and have a separate entrance. What, therefore, with the orchestra and the *allée*, the first bench in the pit is now as nearly as possible in the centre of the house. We know that there is a very strong feeling against this alteration, which, to say the least, is injudicious, and we are sure will prove injurious, in the highest degree, to the interests of the concern. The enormous price at present required for these stalls is out of all reason. We wish well in every way to the establishment; but we have heard such an outcry raised against this aggression of public

\* See his definition of that word in the French Cook.

rights, as it is termed, that we should be doing little justice to the public opinion, did we not express what we believe to be universal public sentiment, and one that it is not unlikely may be evinced in a very turbulent, *mobbish*, and injurious manner.

#### DRURY LANE.

A TRAGEDY, by Mr. Walker, the author of *Wallace*, and the *Fall of Algiers*, has been produced here, and met with a most favourable reception. It is entitled *Caswallon, or the Briton Chief*. The scene is laid in Wales, during the reign of our second Edward; and the interest hinges upon the preservation of Eva, the daughter of Lewellyn, the last independent Prince of Wales, by the Welch chieftain Caswallon,—their capture by the infamous Sir Roger Mortimer, then supposed governor of Conway Castle,—and their death—the princess by poison; to escape the violence of Mortimer—her loyal preserver of a broken heart. The excellent acting of Young, as Caswallon, and the dramatic, we ought in justice to say melo-dramatic, bustle of the business, carried the piece gallantly through. The language every where appeared to fall short of the dignity of tragedy; and had we made our bow, like the musical critic in the story, to every phrase “familiar in our mouths as household words,” by which it is interlarded, our neck would have ached for a month to come. Considering Mr. Walker's *Wallace* as the production of a very young writer, we anticipated better things from his pen by this time than *Caswallon*. He has disappointed us, and we have a right to be angry; the public, however, seemed exceedingly well pleased, and we have no doubt he will consider that an ample consolation. The scenery was throughout beautiful; but the dresses were as little classical as the piece itself. Only one of the knights wore spurs (Mr. Vining); and their shields, though bearing, as well as we could discern, their proper heraldic distinctions, were of a fantastic shape unknown to our Norman ancestry.

#### COVENT GARDEN.

MR. DIMOND's opera of the *Nymph of the Grotto*, or a *Daughter's Vow*, has at length made its appearance. Its reception on Thursday evening was equally favourable with that of the tragedy at Drury Lane on Monday, and its claims on public approbation are much upon a par with those of *Caswallon*. We have neither time nor space to enter into a detail of the plot, which, being founded on fact, is of course highly improbable. The music, by Signor Liverati and Mr. A. Lee, is below mediocrity. The most effective, if not the best thing in the opera, is an air admirably sung by Wood in the third act; and it is creditable to the taste of the composer, Mr. Lee, that he has made his hit upon the only readable words with which the author furnished him. Madame Vestris has nothing either to sing or to say that is worthy of her. The most prominent part in the piece is that which, we understand, was originally written for her, but has been since allotted to Miss Jarman, who played with considerable spirit and feeling. Mr. Stansbury, of the Haymarket Theatre, made his first appearance on these boards as *Leonce de Montgomerie*, the lover of Vestris! We are tolerably certain the tasteful little lady had no hand in casting the parts. Mr. Stansbury would make a respectable Mat of the Mint—but a gallant young French knight, all feathers and embroidery!—Poor man! he looked as if he would have given all the world to be quietly



seated again on his high stool in the Haymarket orchestra, from which we think it was a pity to lure him. Mrs. Chatterley dressed and walked the French queen admirably. It was all she had to do. The dresses, indeed, were uniformly beautiful—those of Mad. Vestris especially so: and the scenery, that panacea for all dramatic disorders now-a-days, truly exquisite. The aviary in the first act, and the last scene of the opera, we never saw surpassed, either in elegance of design or truth of execution. In getting up pieces, it is certainly old Covent Garden still.

On Tuesday a great disappointment ensued in consequence of Mr. Kean's sudden indisposition (the *Times* states, complete intoxication), which prevented him from appearing in *Richard II.*, a character to which we always thought he gave more beautiful touches than to any other. There was a grand uproar—very properly succeeded by *The Beggar's Opera*, at eight o'clock. *The Beaux Stratagem* brings crowded houses every night it is performed—a proof that good plays, well acted, are sure of full audiences.

## ADELPHI.

THIS house continues its prosperous career. Mathews is a conjuror, and evokes matchless spirits in his own proper person. The pantomime is full of humour; and Barnett the most agile of columbines, as Paulo is the best of clowns.

## VARIETIES.

**Lectures.**—Mr. Combe is giving lectures, to full and fashionable audiences, at Edinburgh, in favour of phrenology: Mr. Buckingham, we observe from the *Liverpool Chronicle*, is attended by the principal mercantile men of that port, where he is lecturing against the East India Company's monopoly and the renewal of the charter.

**Stigmatotechny.**—Under this musical and elegant title a work has been published at Paris, the object of which is to teach the art of learning to read in twenty or thirty lessons of an hour each, by analysing the sounds of words.

**Tea.**—Tea has become one of the most important articles of Russian commerce, and its introduction has had a very salutary effect on the lower classes of that vast empire, having much diminished the use of spirituous liquors. It is transported by land and river carriage from Kiakhia, on the frontiers of China; and is said to be greatly superior in flavour to that drunk in this country, which suffers materially from the saline exhalations of the ocean during its voyage. The Russians have a treaty of commerce with the Chinese. It was originally entered into in 1689, and received an extension in 1712, when an ambassador was sent to China by Peter the Great. In succeeding reigns this branch of trade has been consolidated and regulated.

**Arab Women.**—The Arab women on the banks of the Nile add to delicacy of form and natural elegance, a striking simplicity of dress. The poorest wear nothing but a long blue chemise, with a veil of the same colour—one corner of which veil they hold in their mouths when they meet any men, especially Europeans. A large mask of black taffeta covers the faces of the richer females, leaving nothing to be seen but the eyes and the forehead. Earrings, several necklaces of shells or paste, intermingled with amulets of silver or of polished copper, bracelets various and multiplied; the chin, the hands, and a part of the arms, tattooed with blue, the eye-lashes tinged with

black,—such are the particulars which complete the dress of an Arab female, and which, notwithstanding their apparent fantasticalness, produce an original and graceful ensemble.

**Hackneying.**—It appears, by a curious calculation which has lately been published in Paris, that although the omnibus coaches in that capital average a daily receipt of nearly eighty francs each, the profits are not so large as might be imagined. To draw the eighty-nine coaches now in activity, 822 horses are required; of which number there have died more than one thirtieth part; whilst the injury to the remainder, from excessive work, is estimated at a loss of one-fourth of the capital employed in the purchase.

**Antiquities.**—The last remains of the archiepiscopal palace at Croydon were sold by auction on Wednesday, and brought 6700*l.* The ancient hall, the chapel, the judges' chambers, &c. &c., will thus shortly leave not a wreck behind.

**The Medical Profession in France.**—We stated some short time ago, that a meeting of the physicians and surgeons of Paris had been convened, for the purpose of taking into consideration the proposed alterations by the French government in the laws which affect the faculty of medicine in France. Since that announcement several meetings have been held, at which the discussions were animated and almost violent. One of the proposals of the government for dividing the physicians into two classes, according to age and other presumed qualifications, appears to have met with great opposition.

They speak in private circles of a machine, invented by an Italian, for the purpose of banishing the fog from this city. This machine is to move on wheels, and to emit sulphureous flames through tubes: it is to be called *le diable ambulant*; but I see no point in this title, for I never heard that his Satanic majesty was stationary.—*Paris Correspondent.*

**Denmark.**—It appears from the last census of the population of Denmark, at the close of 1828, that the number in the old Danish provinces was 1,521,276; in Holstein, 374,745; in Launberg, 35,640; in Iceland, 49,826; in the Faroe Islands and Greenland, 11,240; in the West India Colonies, 46,290—making a total of 2,049,359. If to this be added the population of Danish Guinea and the East India settlements, it will amount to 2,100,000. Copenhagen contains a population of 104,674. The number of priests in Denmark Proper is 1,600, and about 300 more are scattered in the Faroe Islands, Iceland, Greenland, and the Colonies.

**A Secret.**—A person, *Scottish* an auld wife, having heard an advertisement read from a newspaper, which ended with this intimation, "Not to be repeated," exclaimed, "heh, sir, that man (must) be a great secret!"—*Edinburgh Evening Post.*

**Shaving gratis.**—During the late war, a barber, who kept a little shop on the Hard, at Portsmouth, exhibited the following notice in his window:—"Broken-down sailors shaved gratis." A poor tar, whose beard was of a week's growth, and who had not a single shot in his locker, seeing this benevolent invitation, entered the shop, described his state, and claimed the performance of the promise. The barber immediately complied; and having lathered his unproductive customer, proceeded to shave him with a razor which he had selected for the purpose, and the edge of which was in no danger of being easily turned. At every rasp the tears were ready to rush into

poor Jack's eyes, and the blood to start upon his chin. In the midst of the operation a dog began to howl most piteously in the street. "What the devil's the matter with the dog?" exclaimed Strap. "Oh!" observed his tortured patient, "I dare say some rascally flinty-hearted barber is shaving him gratis!"

## LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A complete edition of the works of Professor Reid has appeared in Paris, with some fragments of Royer-Collard. The *History of the Rise and Progress of the Mahomedan Power in India*, from its commencement in the year 1000 till 1690, translated by Lieutenant-Colonel John Briggs, late resident at Satara, from the Original Persian of Mahomed Kasim Astrabady, entitled *Ferishtah*,—is about to be published.

A new, we believe the fourth, edition, enlarged, of Jarrin's excellent Italian Confectioner, is preparing for immediate publication. Besides being much reduced in price (the highness of which has been its only bar to the most extensive sale hitherto), which will enable various classes, who have been prevented from obtaining it, to become purchasers, it will command an additional claim to success, as containing, amongst other novelties, several fashionable bills of fare for desserts, &c.—a desideratum, we are told, in culinary books. This work will thus form an excellent accompaniment to the Domestic Cookery, to Kitchiner, and others, as well as to his twin-brother, Ude.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Home's (Sir Ever.) Comparative Anatomy, Vols. V. and VI. 4to. 4*l.* 4*s.*; Imperial 4to. 6*l.* 6*s.* bds.—Turner's Edward the Sixth, &c. 4to. 2*s.* 6*d.* bds.—London's Magazine of Natural History, Vol. I. 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Annual Obituary, 1829, 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Woolrych's Commercial and Mercantile Law, 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Barr's Scripture Student's Assistant, 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Brown's (Rev. T.) Sermons, 4vo. 5*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Wood's Account of Sessional Schools, 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* bds.—The Annual Peasage for 1829, 2 vols. 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Stevens's Comments, Vols. XIII. and XIV. 8vo. 10*s.* each, bds.—Visita to the Religious World, 12mo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Twelve Years' Military Adventure, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 4*s.* bds.—The Ball, or a Glance at Almack's, crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—An Inquiry, What is the One True Faith? 8vo. 12*s.* bds.—Fate of Graydale, 2 vols. 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Slade's Prayers for the Sick, 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Plain History of England, 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* hf. bd.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

January.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 1	From 33. to 47.	29.85 to 29.76
Friday... 2	47. — 33.	29.77 — 29.81
Saturday... 3	33. — 43.	29.86 — Stat.
Sunday... 4	32. — 42.	29.58 — 29.30
Monday... 5	31. — 35.	29.66 — 29.40
Tuesday... 6	25. — 35.	29.59 — Stat.
Wednesday... 7	30. — 36.	29.50 — 29.53

Wind variable, prevailing N. and W. Except the 4th and 7th, generally clear; on the 5th a heavy fall of snow, and a little on the 7th.

On Sunday, about half-past two P.M., the neighbourhood of Enfield and Edmonton was visited with a violent hail-storm, when hail-stones of an irregular shape were picked up, measuring three inches round the larger circumference; and some of no less than four inches in circumference are said to have fallen at Enfield.

Rain fallen, 4.75 of an inch.

January.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 8	From 28. to 32.	29.79 Stat.
Friday... 9	30. — 32.	29.73 to 29.61
Saturday... 10	30. — 37.	29.56 — 29.62
Sunday... 11	37. — 34.	29.83 — 29.86
Monday... 12	28. — 37.	29.96 — 29.89
Tuesday... 13	33. — 35.	30.00 — 30.02
Wednesday... 14	29. — 38.	30.02 — 29.97

Prevailing wind N. and N.E. Generally cloudy; a little snow on the morning of the 14th.

Rain fallen, .025 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.  
Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.  
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The length of the paper which we have devoted to that extraordinary production the Colosseum, and the interest of our articles on Scientific Expeditions, have cramped us somewhat in our Reviews; which is of the less consequence, as no new work of importance has appeared during the week. We are still in arrears with the *Empress Josephine* and *Military Adventures*.

J. F. has hardly sufficient originality of thought to command a place. P.—A.—C. H. L., and C. A., are declined. We cannot immediately find the verses required by our correspondent in Carthusian Street.

Due attention will be paid to "a Constant Reader." A Letter from S. Simons, of Cromer, is received. ERRATA.—In our last, in the notice of the Royal Society of Literature, Photh occurs twice instead of Thoth.





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